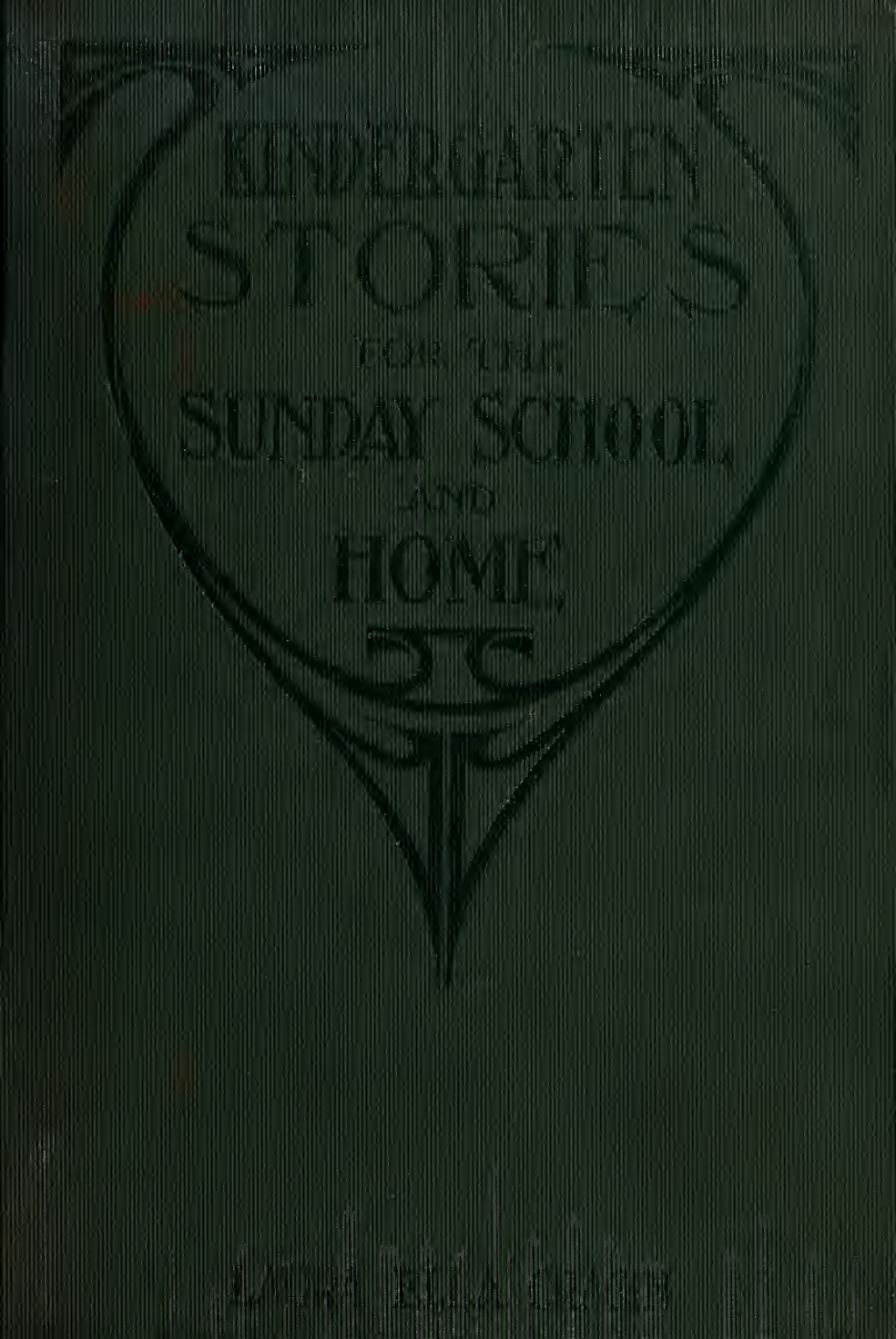
KINDERGARTEN STORIES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME



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Kindergarten Stories

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME

BY

LAURA ELLA CRAGIN

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE WINONA PUBLISHING COMPANY

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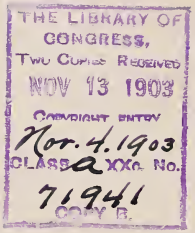

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First Edition January, 1903.
Second Edition September, 1903.

YMAMELI JHT
OF CONGRESS

To my Mother,
whose love beautified my own childhood
and gave me the sweetest revelation of the heart of the
Heavenly Father,
and
to the little children in my Sunday School Kindergarten,
whose bright faces have been the inspiration of my stories,
I lovingly dedicate this book.

PREFACE.

"There is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

"They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

Surely all earnest Kindergartners, as they come before their children, must have felt the truth of these beautiful lines of Charles M. Dickinson impressed very deeply upon their hearts. How shall we keep them "holy" and "innocent"—these "angels of God," whom He has sent us? How shall we help them to unfold naturally and symmetrically as the blossoms do—these flowers in our "Child-Garden?" Such questions demand our deepest thought and consideration.

Kindergartners are sometimes called the spiritual mothers of the little ones who are intrusted to their care and this beautiful name can be applied with especial appropriateness to a Sunday School Kindergartner. From her the children are to receive impressions, in some cases perhaps their first, of that spiritual world which is round about us and in which our noblest thoughts and desires find truest expres-

sion. To help our children to enter into this higher life, two qualities must be especially developed. First that of love, "the great motive power which enriches and ennobles life," and second that of reverence, which, also, is of vital importance. This latter quality is to be taught, however, far more by example than by precept. If the attitude of the Kindergartner and her assistants always expresses a consciousness of a Higher Presence, the children will instinctively acquire this feeling of reverence. Miss Harrison, in her helpful book, "A Study of Child-Nature," writes: "Much of the well intended primary Sunday School work loses half of its efficiency from the teacher's not understanding that the child must be in gentle, reverential mood before he can be in the right religious attitude. The teacher should approach this holiest temple of God with reverence. Is there a place holier than the soul of a child? 'You,' said Froebel, 'must keep holy the being of the little child. Protect it from every rough and rude impression, every touch of the vulgar; a touch, a look, a sound, is often sufficient to inflict savage wounds.'"

A friend, who has been for many years a supervisor of Kindergartens, said that she feared to enter a Sunday School Kindergarten lest she should find that, in the desire to make it a Kindergarten, the teacher had forgotten it was a Sunday School. The clapping of hands and other meaningless exercises, the various devices for resting the children or securing attention all detract from the spirit of reverence

and waste precious time. The children must not be fatigued nor kept long in the same position, but, in addition to the walk which must usually be taken to and from the Sunday School, the exercise incidental to the carrying out of the program will prove all sufficient.

The spirit of reverence is often destroyed by the gestures which are introduced with the songs. Miss Beard, in her pamphlet entitled "Music in the Primary Sunday School," emphasizes the fact that gestures, as a rule, detract from, rather than add to, the helpfulness of the songs. In an introductory chapter to her book, "The Kindergarten Sunday School," she offers many helpful suggestions regarding the music in the Kindergarten.

In singing, though the words are of supreme importance and should not only be such as to impress the desired truth, but also should be so simple as to come easily within the child's comprehension, the musical setting is likewise essential. Unfortunately, there is still a lack of good Sunday School music and for my stories I have frequently been obliged to suggest songs for the sake of the words, though the music was unsatisfactory.

Too many songs should not be given, as it is better to have a few thoroughly learned than many only partially committed. Though new songs have sometimes been suggested on successive Sundays, it has been intended that a choice should be made from them, not that all should be used.

In order to prevent self-consciousness, it is rarely wise to ask individual children to sing or speak.

The development of that love which forgets itself in service may be aided through the benevolences of the Kindergarten. These should always be of such a nature as to enable the child to come into close touch with those to whom his pennies are given. If there is a hospital near enough for the children to visit, scrapbooks—for which they can bring the pictures—toys, books, flowers and fruit may be given with their money to the children's ward. Another worthy object is a mission Kindergarten, from which definite and interesting reports of the work and the needs can often be received. The birthday pennies may be contributed to some Fresh Air Sanitarium for little children. If the money is sent to a foreign field, some one child should be the recipient, whose picture should be shown, if possible, and from whom the children should receive frequent reports. Scrapbooks, which can be made and sent to this little child at but small expense, would increase the children's interest.

In order to secure the best results in the Kindergarten, it is of the utmost importance that the Kindergartner should know her children individually and make them realize her personal interest in, and love for them. As soon as a child enters the Kindergarten, a careful record should be made of his name, address and birthday. The children should be greeted each Sunday with a clasp of the hand and a cordial "I am glad to see you," with an added "I missed you last Sunday," if such was the case. The reason for absence should be immediately ascertained. This necessitates the making of many calls

and the writing of many notes, but both parents and children so deeply appreciate the interest taken that the Kindergartner is amply repaid.

On all especial days, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, the birthdays, and occasionally at other times, pictures may be given to the children. On the back of these may be written a verse, such as "Suffer little children," or one of the Beatitudes, which can be easily learned. It is not wise, however, to give many verses, as these can be more intelligently memorized when the children are a little older.

As the hour is always needed to carry out the Kindergarten program, it is not best to unite often with the other departments. On Children's Day, however, it may be well for all to be together and the songs of the little ones will certainly add much to the attractiveness of the occasion.

Visits from the parents and others to the Kindergarten should always be encouraged, but during the exercises the Kindergartner should devote her time exclusively to the children. If the visitors refrain from talking and laughing, their presence will cause no embarrassment to the little ones.

It is desirable that meetings be held from time to time at which the mothers can discuss the work of the Kindergarten with the Kindergartner and her assistants, as they will be found of mutual benefit.

If a party can occasionally be given for the children, the happy faces, as they join in the merry games and partake of simple refreshments, will show their enjoyment.

Foremost among the many and rich compensations that come to a Sunday School Kindergartner is the loyal and devoted love of her children, since, in the words of Dickens, "It is not a slight thing when these little people, who are so fresh from God, love us." Nor is love alone given by them, but many sweet lessons in faith and trust are taught, so that all Kindergartners must feel, with Whittier, that

"We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath His small interpreters,
The child must teach the man.

"We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from his hands,
And nearest unto Him!"

A KINDERGARTEN PROGRAM.

The Kindergarten program should never be stereotyped. Frequent changes in the order of exercises, as well as new stories and songs, hold the interest of the children. The following outline, which I have used in my Kindergarten, is offered as a suggestion:

1. Placing stars on roll-cards.
2. Opening song—"Church Bells" or "Greeting Song."
3. Hymn—"Morning Prayer."
4. Prayer.

"Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair."
Help us, dear Lord, to love Thee more
Than we have ever loved before;
Kind to all others may we be,
Thus growing daily more like Thee.

5. Good morning songs, chosen by the children.
6. Birthday exercises.
   a. Pennies given.
   b. Birthday song.
   c. Birthday prayer:

"We thank Thee, heavenly Father,
For all the loving care,
That Thou hast given—— (insert child's name),
At home, and everywhere;
For —— years Thou hast guarded him,
Asleep, at work, at play;
O Father, love and care for him,
On this, and every day.
Amen."*

   d. Birthday picture and note given.

*Used by kind permission of the author, Anna L. Johnson.

7. Cradle exercises.
    a. Placing card in Cradle-roll.
    b. Cradle song.
8. March and collection.
9. Prayer:

"Bless the pennies that we bring Thee,
Give them something sweet to do,
May they help some child to love Thee;
Jesus, may we love Thee, too."

10. Review of last Sunday's lesson or talk.
11. Song.
12. Story for the day.
13. Picture shown.
14. New song.
15. Good-bye song.
16. March.

NOTES.

1. The roll-cards hang on the wall made thus:

	October.				November.				
	5.	12.	19.	26.	2.	9.	16.	23.	30.
Marian Edgell	*	*			*			*	*
Roger Dillon			*				*		
Harriet Odell				*		*	*		
Wilbur Curtis						*	*	*	*
Chester Holmes	*	*		*		*		*	

Large manilla cards are divided into spaces one inch square for each Sunday during four months. The names are printed and each child, as he enters, puts a gold star in the space for the day, opposite his name. (The secretary superintends this.) At the end of the term, these cards are cut into strips and each child is given the strip bearing his name. This plan of keeping the roll may be followed in the Primary Department, as well, for even the older children enjoy placing the stars and taking the strips home later to show their record. The attendance of the children is carefully kept by the Kindergartner, also.

2. "Church Bells" is found in "Song Stories for the Sunday School," by P. S. and M. J. Hill, page 15, and, also, in "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," by Frederica Beard, page 5. The "Greeting Song," by Hester Hoffman, is published by Blackmer Music Company. In singing "Church Bells," the motion of ringing the bells may be introduced and the arms may be outstretched to indicate the wide open doors.

3. The "Morning Prayer," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, found in "Childhood Songs," by Mira and Mabel Rowland, page 8, or the one on page 11, in the "Child's Garden of Song," by William L. Tomlins, may be used.

4. This prayer is adapted from the "Morning Hymn," found in "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by Misses Walker and Jenks, page 7. Perfect quiet during the prayer is absolutely essential to awaken a spirit of reverence. If, as sometimes occurs, singing or other noise comes from an adjoin-

ing room, it is best to sit quietly with folded hands or listen to soft music on the piano, until it ceases.

5. The children sing "Good-morning to You" (tune, "Good-morning to All," in "Song Stories for the Sunday School," page 1), to the children, room, pictures, flowers, sunshine, etc. "Merry Christmas to You," "Happy New Year to You," and other greetings can be sung to the same tune, on special occasions. Another pretty good-morning song is "Morning Greeting," in "Song Stories for the Kindergarten," by M. J. and P. S. Hill, page 4. It is usually best to stand, when singing, and when giving the Good-morning songs, the hands may be joined to carry the greeting around the circle.

6. During the birthday exercises, the child comes forward and stands by the Kindergartner.

a. He drops into the birthday bank a penny for every year, the children counting each, as it falls. This is done the Sunday after the birthday has occurred.

b. The "Birthday Song," by Reinecke, is found in "Songs for Little Children," by Eleanor Smith, volume 2, page 113, and also in "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," page 32.

d. Christ Blessing Little Children, by Plockhörst or Hofmann; The Guardian Angel, by Plockhörst, or some other picture may be given on the birthday. If it is mounted on a gray card, wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a bright ribbon, it makes a more attractive gift. A note inclosed, explaining the picture and expressing good wishes, would show the Kindergartner's interest.

7. The Cradle exercises are a very sweet feature of the Kindergarten. The Cradle-Roll can be procured at any religious bookstore. It bears this picture—The Cradle Song, by Lauerstein. With it come cards on which the names of the children, too young to enter the Kindergarten, can be printed. The name of the baby is announced to the children and then slipped into the Roll, after which the "Cradle-Roll Song," found in "Primary and Junior Songs for the Sunday School," by Mari R. Hofer, page 44, is sung. If possible, the birthdays of the Cradle-Roll children should be kept in the same way as are those belonging to the Kindergarten.

8. Before the march, one child is chosen to lead, and another, to hold the basket. The latter stands in the center of the circle. The march is simple; the children passing around the outside of the circle, then in a straight line through the center, dropping in their pennies as they pass the basket, and then around the inside to their seats. Of course, this can be elaborated, if desired. It seems unwise to

introduce any motions, as these are apt to detract from the spirit of reverence. The march itself, is a sufficient rest. Sometimes the familiar songs, "The Stream," from "Merry Songs and Games," by Clara B. Hubbard, page 138, or "Dropping Pennies," from "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," by Bertha Vella, page 31, may be sung as the children march, but usually the piano alone furnishes the music.

9. This prayer may be offered or sung. I do not know its author.

10 and 13. The pictures may be passed about the circle at the close of the story, and, also, during the review, the following Sunday. They can then be put on the wall, with thumb tacks, where they make a pretty frieze and continually remind the children of the stories. In a general review, a number of children may be asked to point to their favorite picture and tell something about it, or to find the pictures when Jesus was a Baby, Boy or Man, and give the story. All the pictures used as illustrations, with but few exceptions, can be bought, for one cent each, at any religious book-store. It is best to mount them on gray cards before showing them to the children.

12. When the story is told, the children bring their chairs quietly as near as possible to the teacher, who is to give it, for it is thus easier to hold their attention. If the circle is small, this change of seats would not be necessary—my own numbers from forty to fifty, sometimes even more. It is desirable, however, to keep the attendance under forty-five. Sometimes, as a change, the children may sit on the

floor about the teacher to hear the story. It is well to have it occasionally told by the assistants, thus relieving the Kindergartner and creating a deeper impression than were it always given by the same person.

15 and 16. The "Good-bye Song" may be adapted thus from "Songs of the Child World," by Jessie L. Gaynor, page 110:

Talks and songs are ended for another day,
Now we must together take our homeward way,
" So good-bye, dear children, may the Lord above
Guard us while we're absent, with his tender love."

Or this adaptation of the song on page 50, in the "Child's Garden of Song," by William L. Tomlins, may be used:

"Good-bye! our songs are sung;
Good-bye! our talks are done;
Good-bye we now must say,
So on its way,
Our Sabbath day has passed away."

It may never be wise to follow this program exactly, for some exercises may consume so much time that others must be shortened or omitted, but it is well to have an outline as a basis of work.

INTRODUCTION.

Most of these stories have been given to the little children in my own Sunday School Kindergarten. When friends, who knew the time and thought that had been devoted to their preparation, urged me to share them with a wider circle, I at first hesitated; but at length decided to write for other children just as I had talked to my own. In telling each story, therefore, I have felt that the dear little people were gathered closely about me and that I was looking into their eager, upturned faces.

In my Kindergarten, I used the stories based upon the prophecies regarding Christ as introductory ones in the fall, ending with the "Joy in Harvest," on the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving. I then began upon the Christmas thought, continuing it through December. From that time until Easter, incidents in the life of Christ which I felt would especially appeal to little children were given, it being arranged that the story of the Ascension should come on Easter Sunday. Then through the later spring and summer, the stories based upon Jesus' words and teachings were told.

A number of other stories have now been added to these in order that each Kindergartner might choose the ones that would best meet the needs of her own children.

They have been so arranged that they might, as far as possible, give the life and words of Christ chronologically, in the belief that they would thus be more interesting for home use.

A new revelation has come to me of the tender sympathy and wonderful love of the Saviour, as I have studied His life in order to bring it to His little ones. If I can help any of them to know Him better and to love Him more, my little book will have accomplished its mission.

L. E. C.

The author wishes to acknowledge her deep indebtedness to Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College, from whom she first obtained her interest in, and insight into, the beautiful work of the Kindergarten.

She is also grateful for the kindly help given her by Miss Frederica Beard, in the especial study of the Sunday School Kindergarten.

Much valuable assistance in the preparation of these stories has been obtained from the following:

"The Life of Christ," and "The Life of Lives," by Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S.; "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," by Alfred Edersheim; "The Story of Jesus Christ," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and "The Prince of Peace," by Isabella M. Alden (Pansy).

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SUBJECT—CHRIST, THE SHEPHERD.

Isaiah 40:11.

PICTURE—JESUS AND THE CHILD—BALLHEIM.

SONGS—"THE GOOD SHEPHERD,"
(*From "Primary and Junior Songs for the Sunday School,"—Mari R. Hofer, page 30.*)

AND "HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."
(*From Handel's "Messiah."—This to be sung to the children.*)

STORY.

Many, many years ago, children, there was a great deal of sorrow and trouble in the world. Some men, who were called kings, were very strong and powerful and every one else had to work for them and do what they wished. These kings were often unkind and cruel and made the people very unhappy.

In those days dear Jesus had not come to the earth to show how much better it was to be loving and kind. The last part of the Bible, our best Book, which tells about His life here, had not been written; but in the first part the people read that some day He would come to help them. When they felt they could bear their troubles no longer, they would read about His coming and it would make them feel rested and strong again. The Bible told them how much God loved them and promised that Jesus would bring them joy and happiness, and would keep them safe from all trouble and danger.

He was called by many beautiful names, but I think the one the people loved best was that of Shepherd. In that country there were many sheep and the shepherds would lead them over the hills until

they came to a place where there was fresh, green grass, which they loved to eat. While they were feeding, the shepherd would rest under the trees and perhaps he would play pretty tunes on his pipe, or flute.

Do you know, children, that though there were many shepherds, who often went out together, every sheep knew its own shepherd's voice. If one called, only his own sheep would follow him, just as you would run to mamma, did she call, but if you heard a stranger's voice, you would perhaps run away, because you would not know who it was.

After the sheep had stayed out on the hills all day, eating the grass or resting in the shade, the kind shepherd would lead them home at night. He would then put them in a large sheepcot, or shed, where no wild animal could hurt them and where they would not get wet or cold, if it stormed.

The shepherds loved their sheep and took such tender care of them. If a little lamb became tired, the kind shepherd would carry it in his arms and if the sheep were sick, he would lead them gently so they might not find the hills too hard to climb. He knew them all and should one get lost, he would search until he found it, even though he had to go a long way over a rough road.

It made the people glad to know that, when Jesus came, He would be like one of these kind shepherds. Who do you think the sheep would be? Yes, the brown people, and the little lambs would be the dear little children.

I want to read you some sweet words from the Bible which tell about Jesus as a Shepherd. "He" (that is Jesus) "shall feed His flock like a shepherd" (that means He shall take them where they can get food to eat). "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." I told

you how the shepherd would take the little lambs up in his arms, if they were tired or sick, and the Bible said that Jesus would thus take little children and hold and love them. Then it said, "He shall gently lead those that are weak." Do you wonder that the people loved to read these words and do you not think they longed for Jesus to come?

SUBJECT—CHRIST, OUR ROCK.

Isaiah 32:2.

PICTURE—QUEEN LOUISE AND HER SONS—
STEFFECK.

STORY.

You know I told you last Sunday, children, of the time, long, long ago, before Jesus had come to the world. The people were so sad and in such trouble that they longed for Christ to come to help them. I told you, too, of the beautiful names that the Bible gave to Jesus. What name did we talk about last Sunday? Yes, the Shepherd. Jesus was to be the Good Shepherd and take as loving care of grown people and little children as the shepherd did of the sheep and dear little lambs.

To-day I want to tell you another of these beautiful names which the Bible calls Jesus. Long before He came, it said: "He shall be as an hiding place from the wind, a covert" (or place of safety) "from the tempest, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

I wonder how many of you have seen great rocks. One year I spent the summer by the sea, away up north in Maine, and I wish you might have seen the immense rocks that lay piled up along the shore.

When it was windy and cold, my mother and I would find a little corner where a tall rock rose up behind us and shielded us so entirely from the wind that it would be nice and warm.

When the storms came, the great waves would dash against the rocks, the beautiful white spray rising high in the air, but I think the rocks said:

NOTE.—The picture is suggested simply as an illustration of a mother with her sons. The story is *not* an incident in the life of Queen Louise.

"You are strong, oh, sea, and your waves have great power, but we are still stronger and you cannot get to the land, for we will protect it from you, keeping the people and their homes safe."

I loved to think that dear Jesus was like those great rocks and that He would keep us just as safe from all harm, as the rocks kept the houses and the little flowers that grew in the gardens. Would you like me to tell you a story to-day of a great rock which helped some little boys?

Once upon a time there were two little boys named Frederick and William. They lived far away from here near the sea, where many rocks were to be found. Near the road rose a great, tall rock that the boys loved to play was their house, for under one side was a hole, or shelf, which was like a little room. They couldn't both get into it at once, so they would take turns in staying there.

The boys were always so glad to have their dear mother play with them. She told them such fine stories of the crabs, which ran in a funny way, backwards and sideways; of the star fish, with their five fingers; of the strange, soft jelly fish, and of other curious sea things.

One day she took them for a long walk. As you see in the picture, she had an arm around Will's shoulder, while Fred clasped her arm. They had such a good time together that they went farther than they expected and suddenly they saw that great black clouds were covering the sky and it looked

like rain. They turned and hurried back home as fast as possible, but when they were still quite a way off, the big drops began to fall. The boys said: "Oh, Mamma, if we can only get a little farther, we'll come to our rock and that will keep us dry."

They ran on and soon they reached it and to their joy they found that Will could slip into the little room and mamma and Fred creep under the jutting side and all be quite protected from the storm. The thunder pealed and the lightning flashed, but they were quite safe. It was such fun to hear the wind whistle and howl and know that it could not harm them. Fred cried out: "Blow all you please, old wind, our dear big rock won't let you hurt us."

The rain, too, though it came pouring down, didn't wet them, as the rock made a nice, dry place. After awhile the thunder died away, the wind blew less violently and, little by little, the rain stopped falling. Then mamma, Fred and Will started again for home, the boys first calling out: "Thank you, old rock, you've been a good friend to us."

When they reached home, their mother said, "Would you like to learn a verse about a rock? Fred and Will said, "Yes, indeed," and mamma taught them the verse I have read to you: Jesus "shall be as an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

One afternoon, some little time after this, Will was playing down by the sea. He was gathering shells and he went farther and farther from home. At last he found he was so far away that he turned

to run back again. As he was hurrying along, he heard a loud, rumbling noise. He looked back and there he saw a great bull coming toward him. It was one that was usually kept shut up in a field, but in some way it had broken loose. Will was terribly frightened, for the big creature had his head down and Will knew that he would toss him and perhaps kill him. He ran and ran, but the bull ran still faster and was rapidly gaining upon him. Will thought: "What *shall* I do! He will certainly catch me before I get home."

He prayed to God, as he ran, "Oh, God, save me! save me!"

Just then the words of the verse he had learned came into his mind, "A rock * * * shall be a hiding place," and just ahead he saw the big rock where he often played. He thought, "I knew God would help me and when I come to that rock, I shall be safe."

He ran faster than ever until he reached it, and just as the bull came tearing up behind him, he slipped into the little hole. The bull went racing around, looking everywhere for him. He couldn't understand where the little boy had disappeared, but at last he saw him, hidden away in the great rock. He tried so hard to get at him, but he couldn't even get one horn into the hole. He bellowed and bellowed, stamped his feet and pawed the ground, but all in vain; he couldn't reach the little boy.

Will was still trembling and out of breath from his fright and run, but oh, how safe he felt in the big rock! He knew that he need not be troubled any

more, for, if the bull did not go away soon, papa would come to find him.

Sure enough, after awhile, as it began to grow dark, mamma began to wonder where Will was. She went to the door and looking far down the road, she saw the great bull near the rock. She didn't know Will was there, but she called papa, saying, "Come quickly; Mr. Jones' great bull is loose!"

Papa and some other men went out to drive the bull back into the pasture. As they came near the rock, little Will called out, "Papa, Papa, I'm in here."

Just think how surprised papa was! Will told him how the bull had chased him and how he had hidden in the little room. Papa was so thankful and said, "The great rock has indeed saved my dear little boy from a terrible death."

When Will reached home, he found mamma waiting for him and as he ran into her arms, he said, "Oh, Mamma, the big rock was such a nice hiding place, just as the verse said."

SUBJECT—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Isaiah 9:2; Malachi 4:2; Numbers 24:17.

PICTURE—HEAD OF CHRIST—

(*From "Christ and the Rich Young Man."*)—HOFMANN.

SONG—"WHEN THE LITTLE CHILDREN SLEEP."

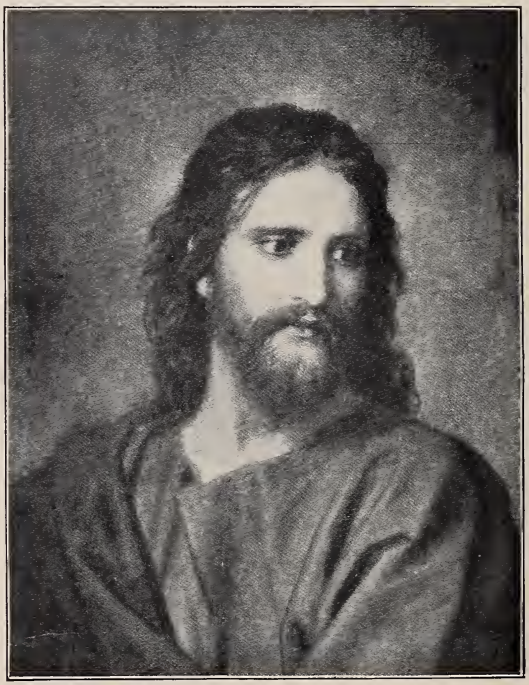
(*From "A Primer of Vocal Music,"—Eleanor Smith, page 96, also in Carl Reinecke's "Fifty Children's Songs," page 6.*)

STORY.

Children, will you all shut your eyes tight for just a moment? Now open them. What did you see when they were closed? Nothing? It was all dark? What can you see at night? It is dark then, too, is it not? What gives us light during the day? Yes, the sun. I want you to tell me some of the things the sun does for us. It gives us the light to see the beautiful flowers and vines, the grass and trees.

Do you know that it does even more than this? Everything that grows gets its color from the sun. Sometimes you must ask mamma to plant a seed in a dark closet. (A bean is suggested, as it grows quickly.) If you give it water, it will grow, but it will be almost white and will look sickly and miserable. Now, if you put it in the sunlight, the stalk and leaves will turn green and the plant will grow

strong and beautiful. So you see that the sun is an artist, or painter, and sends his color fairies to paint the blossoms and bushes, grass and trees. What color do they paint the roses; the buttercups; the



violets? Isn't it nice that the great, round sun makes the earth so beautiful for us to enjoy.

It not only gives the lovely colors to the flowers and trees, but it also helps them to grow, as you saw when you planted the seed. Whom else do you

think it helps? Why yes, it keeps the animals strong and well—the kitties, dogs, horses and all the others. It helps people, too—grown people and little children. Doesn't it make you happy to play out in the bright sunshine and wouldn't it be hard if the sun could not be seen and you had only rainy days all the time?

Then besides giving us light the sun makes us warm, does it not? Some days 'tis so cold in the morning, but after you play in the sunshine for a little while, you get as warm as toast.

Can you tell me on whom the sun shines? Does it send the sunbeams down on just a few people and leave every one else in the dark and the cold? Are only a few little flowers helped to grow? Why, no, indeed! When the sun shines, it gives light and warmth and beauty to everything. The great sun doesn't say, "There's a little girl who has been naughty in that yard and I won't shine on her;" or, "I don't like that farmer and I won't help his corn and wheat to grow." Instead it tries to make the whole world bright and beautiful.

You know, children, we have been talking of the names which the Bible calls Jesus. Long before He came to this world, the people used to read about Him and wish He might come. In one place you know they read that He would be like a kind, gentle shepherd and last Sunday we found He would be like a strong rock, which would protect them from all harm. To-day I want to tell you some more of these beautiful names by which He is called.

The poor people in those far away times had not known how to go; it seemed as if they had been walking in the dark. But just think how glad they were to read these words, "The people that walked in darkness shall see a great light." They knew that Jesus would be this light.

In another place the Bible said He should be like the sun which made them well and strong. Isn't He like the sun in many, many ways, for He makes us happy and when we love Him, everything looks bright to us.

You know that the sun shines only by day, but is it always dark at night when you go out of doors? No, sometimes we have the beautiful moonlight. Have you been down by the ocean or lake when the soft moonbeams fell upon the water, making a pathway of shining silver? I like to think that Jesus gives us light just as the golden sun does by day and the silver moon by night.

What else can we see in the sky at night besides the moon? Yes, the stars. They look pretty up in the sky, do they not? And we wonder what they are saying to each other. They seem like little children coming to a great party, where they twinkle and dance and have such a good time, and we sing to them:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."*

* From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 97.

But they do more than just look pretty. Do you know that the sailors away out at sea can look up at the stars and tell just which way to go. There is one star that always shines brightly in the north and others in other parts of the sky, which show them where they are. Another of Jesus' beautiful names is the Star. If we ask Him, He will always show us the right way, as the stars show the sailors.

When we look up at the sun, children, let us remember that Jesus is our Sun, and at night, when the stars come out, one by one, we can say, "He is our Star."

To-day I have such a beautiful picture of Jesus to show you and I want you to remember, as you look at it, that He is the light of the whole world.

SUBJECT—CHRIST, THE LEADER.

Isaiah 55:4; Luke 1:79.

PICTURE—ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS—PLOCKHÖRST.

SONG—"GOD THE FATHER IN HEAVEN."
(*From "Childhood Songs,"—Mira and Mabel Rowland, page 53.*)

STORY.

I told you, children, last Sunday, that the light—the sunlight in the day time and the moon and stars by night—showed us where to go. But sometimes, if we are in a strange place where we have never been before, we may lose our way.

I read once of a man who went to visit some friends, living in a camp in the deep woods. He stopped at a small hotel and from there some one went with him to show him the way to his friends' camp.

When he had spent several days with them, he said he must return home. His friends started to walk through the woods with him, but when they had gone most of the way, he said: "I know you are busy and 'tis such a plain path, I'm sure I can easily find the hotel at the end of the woods; so go back to your work."

His friends thought he would have no trouble, so they said good-bye and went back to their camp. The man went on a little farther, when he missed the

path. He looked and looked, but he could not find it and he knew that he was lost. He wandered deeper and deeper into the forest and shouted again and again, but no one heard him. At last he became

very much frightened, for he feared that he would never see his home again.

The next day his friends found that they had no more oil, so two of them started to the village for it. They walked through the woods and when they

reached the small hotel where the man was to spend the night, they asked if he had started for home.

"Why, I haven't seen him," said the hotel keeper, "I thought he was still with you."

His friends were very much surprised and troubled and started at once to search for him. All that day they hunted and hunted through the great forest, calling and firing a pistol, so the man might hear its sound. Toward night, as they were almost discouraged, they shouted once more, "Halloo! halloo!"

As they listened, they thought they heard a faint answer. They hurried to the spot from which it seemed to come and there they found their friend. But, children, they could hardly believe it was he! His clothes were torn by the bushes and dirty from many falls. His face was pale from fear and hunger and he looked very ill.

They took him back to the hotel and cared tenderly for him, until he was quite well again. Oh, how sorry they felt that they had not led him all the way out of the woods at first, instead of letting him try to find the path alone.

I have told you, children, how much people loved to read the beautiful names given to Jesus in the Bible, before He came to this earth. One of these was the Leader. The Bible said that Jesus would show people just where to go, so they need never lose their way.

Even though you were in a strange place, in a crowded city or on a lonely country road, if you had tight hold of your papa's hand, you would not be

afraid, I am sure. You would know that he would take good care of you. The Bible said that Jesus would "guide the feet of His people into the way of peace," which means that if they followed Him, He would lead them where they would be safe and happy here and would bring them at last to be with Him in heaven.

In the picture you can see dear Jesus telling two of His friends that He would be their Leader and show them the way in which to go.

SUBJECT—"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Isaiah 11:6.

PICTURE—CHRIST CHILD—ITTENBACH.

(*Use if possible, the picture called: "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," by William Strutt.*)

STORY.

Once in a great forest there lived many wild animals; among them were lions, wolves, leopards and bears. The tawny lion, with his shaggy mane and great body, had been chosen king by all of them. *You* would have called him cruel, children, because he often killed other animals. But it was his nature to do so and he usually ate those he killed for his food. If he was not hungry, he would sometimes be merciful to a smaller animal. I am sure you all know how kind he was once in letting the little mouse go free.

When he was pleased, his tail was still and he would fawn upon his mate or another animal that he liked, just as a kitty would rub against you to show how glad she was to see you. But when he was angry, he was dreadful to see. He would beat the ground with his tail and lash his sides in his fury. Then he would give a loud roar and bound forward, striking his enemy a terrible blow.

He was so strong that he could carry a large animal in his mouth and run a long way with it. Dark, stormy nights were the times he liked best to go out to find his food. He was very tender and

kind to his mate, the mamma lion, and helped her find food for the little cubs, which were like big, frolicsome kittens.

Another of the forest animals was the leopard. He was very different from the great, noble lion,

as he was sly and cruel. He would climb a tree like a monkey, hide among the branches and then spring down on any animal that chanced to pass. He was very quick, active and strong, and more dangerous than the lion or tiger. He would prowl about in the night, keeping a careful watch lest any one should see him. Then he would suddenly spring upon a poor kid or calf and tear it to pieces.

I want to tell you a story I read of a leopard who did not succeed in getting the little calf he wanted. In a shed near the house of a blacksmith, was a cow and her little calf. One night a great leopard climbed upon the roof of this shed, which was made of thatch, or dried grass, and scratched and scratched until he had made a hole in it. But the cow heard the noise and when the leopard crept down through the hole, she caught him on her long pointed horns.

The noise of the dreadful struggle which followed awoke the blacksmith, who came quickly with a lantern. The cow had tossed the leopard to and fro until he was almost dead, so eager was she to protect her little calf which lay nestled in a corner. It was fast asleep and did not know how hard its mother was fighting to save its life. When the blacksmith reached the shed, he quickly shot the leopard and the poor cow was glad the dreadful battle was over.

The animals which lived on the farm had many enemies and the farmers had to protect them very carefully. The wolf was another of these enemies that was always ready to spring upon a dog, a little lamb or some other animal. Like the lion and leop-

ard, wolves would rest in a safe hiding place during the day, but at night they would run long distances, searching for food. In the summer time they would usually stay in the forest, but when winter came, they would prowl around the farm, trying to catch some animal. They would howl when they were hungry or cold, and you would have been very much frightened, had you heard their dreadful cry.

One time to the forest came a dear little Child. I wish you might have seen Him, children. He had such a sweet lovely face; a little rosebud mouth, bright shining eyes and fair hair that curled about His head. He was dressed in a simple white robe, like a little nightgown, with flowing sleeves and a tiny band of color about the neck.

When He reached the forest, He called to the animals: "Come, king lion; come, wolf and leopard and bear; follow me."

They came bounding to Him and He led them toward the farm. Here He called the calves, the little lamb, the kid and others, and they, also, quickly came to Him. The wild animals did not want to hurt them, for they had grown gentle and kind when the little Child came and they felt they should never again be cruel, and wish to kill others.

The little Child, waving a palm branch, walked on slowly, His arm thrown lovingly over the big bossie's head who was at His side. At the other side walked king lion, tall and majestic, who looked down at the little Child and rubbed his big head against Him, trying to say how much he loved Him.

Near him was the wolf, with his pointed ears and long sharp face, while just in front was the little white lamb. The wolf did not want to hurt him; instead he seemed glad to have such a dear little playmate. Another calf followed the little Child, looking wonderingly toward Him, as if it seemed too good to be true that He should come to lead them all; while still farther back came the big black bear.

The spotted leopard had decided to take a nap, so he had laid his great head upon his paws and gone fast asleep. Curled up close beside him lay the cunning little kid, no longer afraid that the big paws of the leopard, with their cruel claws, would tear him to pieces.

All about, the sweet flowers lifted their bright faces as if they, too, rejoiced that peace had come to all the world.

The Bible told the people, children, that when Jesus came, He would bring peace, as the little Child did. Men who are unkind and cruel like the wild animals, should learn from Him to be gentle, unselfish and loving. Are we not glad that dear Jesus has come? And we hope that soon peace and love will be found all over the world.

SUBJECT—THE LIFE-GIVING RAIN.

Psalm 72:6.

PICTURE—SPRING—KNAUS.

SONG—"SPRING RAIN," first and second verses,
(*From "Songs for Little Children,"—Eleanor Smith, volume 2, page 76.*)

OR "LOVING AND GIVING," first verse,
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones,"—Bertha Vella, page 26.*)

STORY.

You remember, children, that we have been talking these past weeks of the beautiful names which were given to Jesus before He came to this earth. You know the Bible said He would be a Good Shepherd, taking loving care of the people as a shepherd does of his sheep and lambs. He would also be like a great rock that gives shelter from storms, and He would be the Light of the World, giving light like the sun and the stars. Then He would be the Leader who would show every one where to go, and last Sunday we heard that He would bring peace, as the little Child did to all the forest and farm animals.

To-day I wish to read you a verse which tells of something else He would be like. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." Who can tell me what the rain does? Yes, it waters the flowers, the grass and trees, and helps them to grow.

I want to tell you of some little flowers which were out in a meadow. The sunbeams came shining down upon them, the gentle raindrops brought them refreshing drink, and they grew lovelier and lovelier

as the days passed. They were so sweet and fresh that the bees and butterflies loved to flit about them, sucking honey from their little cups. Children, too, came sometimes and danced gaily over the meadow, gathering great bunches of the lovely blossoms

which they carried home as a surprise for their dear mothers.

But one time for many days no rain fell. Each morning the little flowers would lift their sweet faces toward the sky, hoping they might see a cloud which would send the raindrops to them. But only the sunbeams came and these were so bright and hot that they wilted the poor little thirsty flowers. At last one whispered to another: "I fear I shall die unless the rain comes soon; I feel so parched and dry."

Its little head drooped lower and lower, but just then it felt a tiny drop of water. Oh, how glad it was, for it knew others would follow. Sure enough, splash came a bigger drop, then another and another. Faster and faster they fell until the whole meadow was soaked with rain. They refreshed and strengthened the flowers so they could lift up their drooping heads. They washed off the dust, also, which had gathered upon the blossoms, making them pure and sweet again.

Not the flowers only, but every tree and bush and each little blade of grass was made happy by the cool, fresh drink the raindrops gave. They helped others, too, for they filled up the little brooks and streams, which had run almost dry during the long hot weeks. This made the sheep and cattle happy for they could now have a nice drink, and the cows could wade in the water and get cool.

People, also, were helped by the rain, for this water was so pleasant to wash and bathe in that every one was glad to have it. So the flowers, the

animals and the people were all made happy by the raindrops.

The Bible said that dear Jesus would be like the rain, making people clean and pure and helping them to grow strong and happy.

SUBJECT—THE JOY IN HARVEST.

Isaiah 9:3.

PICTURE—HARVESTERS' RETURN—SEIFERT.

SONG—"THANKSGIVING SONG,"
(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 2, page 23.*)

OR "THANKSGIVING SONG,"
(*From "Songs of the Child World."—Jessie L. Gaynor, page 67.*)

STORY.

(This story is planned for the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving.)

Children, do you remember how much the people loved to read in the Bible of the kind, helpful things Jesus would do when He came to this earth? In one place they read that when He came, every one would be as glad as the harvesters, or farmers, are at the time of harvest.

Can you tell me what the farmers do in the spring? Yes, they plow the fields and then plant the seed—wheat or corn or oats—which grows all through the long summer. First the delicate green shoots appear, then the tall stalks and at last the yellow grain. Then in the fall the farmers cut it down and take it to the barns and as they gather in the last load, they sing and shout for joy.

In our picture you see that the women, too, have been helping in the fields and before coming joyously

home, they have trimmed the last big load of hay with a great wreath. I think that when they reach home, they will all go into the big barn and have a party, where they will dance and sing to show how

happy they are that their work is all done and that everything is in the barn ready for winter.

Children, we, too, are to have a party this week. Who can tell me what we call our holiday? Yes, Thanksgiving. It comes just at this time that we may be glad with the farmers that the rich harvest is gathered into the barns. Can you tell me what Thanksgiving means? Yes, just what it says, giving thanks, or thanks-giving.

Now can you tell me what you have, for which you wish to give thanks? Let us remember to-day what has been growing out of doors to make us

happy. Can you tell me of something? Yes, the red and yellow apples have been growing sweet and juicy all through the summer. And now they are all picked and packed in barrels and perhaps a big barrel is in your cellar.

Whom do we thank for the apples? Many people, do we not?—the farmers who watched their growth and gathered them; the men on the train who brought them from the country; the grocers who sold them; and last of all papa or mamma who bought them for us. Then what helped them to grow on the trees? The dear heavenly Father. It is He who gives us all good things to enjoy and whom we should thank most of all.

Can you tell me other things He has given us? Who can tell me what grows in the farmers' fields? Yes, oats, from which oatmeal is made, that we like for our breakfast; wheat, from which we get our bread; and corn which we use in many things. Then there are the vegetables—the yellow squashes and the great golden pumpkins, the red beets, white turnips, green cucumbers and all the others.* Oh, how many good things have been given to us!

But better than even these are the people God has given us to love; our papas and mammas, our brothers and sisters, and all our dear friends. I am sure we should be very happy at this Thanksgiving time and we should thank the dear heavenly Father for all His goodness to us.

*Draw these names or others from the children, if possible. It may be better to have them whisper in the Kindergartner's ear, if they are timid about expressing their thoughts.

Before you go home I want to ask if you do not know of some one whom you could make happy on Thanksgiving day? Ask mamma if she knows of any one who is too poor to have a nice dinner, to whom you could carry something. Or perhaps you could give a rosy apple or an orange to the postman when he brings the letters, or to the milkman when he comes with the milk. Try to tell me next Sunday of some one whom you made happy.

SUBJECT—THE BEST GIFT.

Luke 1 :26-56.

PICTURE—THE ANNUNCIATION TO MARY—HOFMANN.

SONG—"CHRISTMAS HYMN," (music only.)

(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 31: also in "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School"—Frederica Beard, page 25. As the birth of Christ is described in the following story, the words of the "Christmas Hymn" would more appropriately be given then; but it would be well for the children to become familiar with the music.*)

STORY.

(This story is planned for the Sunday following Thanksgiving. Its material is drawn from "The Story of Jesus Christ," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.)

What holiday have we had this past week, children? Yes, Thanksgiving. Can you tell me why we keep this day? (Draw out the answer that we give thanks to God for His gifts to us.) Would you like me to tell you of the best gift that was ever given to little children and to grown people, also?

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, in a little town called Nazareth, some women came to a fountain to draw water. Now we have water in our homes you know, but at that time people had to go to the fountains, or wells, to get it and often had to carry it a long way.

It was growing late when the women came for the water and the sun was bidding the world, "Good night," by painting the sky the loveliest colors—crimson, gold and palest yellow. The soft light lay

on the hills that rose high about the little town as if they would protect it from all danger. Most of the women did not notice the beautiful colors. They talked and laughed as one by one they filled their urns, or jars, with water.

But one young woman, so young she seemed almost a girl, stood a little apart from the others and quietly enjoyed all the beauty about her. She watched the changing colors in the sky and she saw, also, the blossoms on the trees and the lovely flowers that lifted their bright faces to smile into hers. She, too, seemed like a sweet, pure flower. She was tall, with golden hair and dark blue eyes and her lovely face showed that she always had beautiful thoughts.

After filling her urn, she placed it upon her head and walked so steadily that not a drop was spilled. It was the hour of prayer, for, when the sun went down, every one thanked God for all the blessings He had sent. Mary, that was this sweet woman's name, walked home slowly, thinking of God's goodness to her. When she reached the house, she quietly poured the water into a jar that stood near the door and then, without speaking, went up to the roof.

In that country, as the houses were small, the people would often go up to the flat roofs when they wished to rest or be alone. Vines were growing on the roof of Mary's home and tall, white lilies raised their lovely heads. As Mary bent over them, she fancied that the beautiful flowers were praying and she knelt down among them. God seemed very near, so near He could know her thoughts and she need speak no word.

While kneeling, she heard the movement of the soft wings of a dove flying near, and when she slowly turned her head to look at the lovely bird, she saw—an angel, standing close beside her. He was clothed in white and though he appeared tall and

majestic, his face was gentle and he looked at her lovingly.

She was startled, but the angel broke a lily from its stalk and holding it toward her, said: "Fear not, Mary, blessed art thou among women, the Lord is with thee."

And then, children, he told her such a wonderful secret,—that a dear little Baby was to be given to her. I know how glad any mother would be to be told such a secret as this. I think it would make her happier than anything else she could hear. But Mary's joy was even greater than that of other mothers, because this Child was to be unlike other children. The angel told her He would be called Jesus because He would bring joy to all the world. He would comfort people when they were in trouble, make them well when they were in pain and teach them to be kind and loving.

Mary listened to these words and they seemed almost too wonderful to be true, but she knew that the angel would not tell her these things unless they were really to happen. I want to read you from the Bible the answer she made to the angel. She bowed her head and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." I think these words mean: "I am God's child and I shall be glad to receive whatever He sends me."

Then the angel left her, but she lingered on the roof in the hush of the eventide for a long time, thinking of this wonderful Child who was to be sent to her and thanking the dear Father for promising her this precious gift.

Some little time after this, Mary went to visit a dear cousin because she just couldn't keep her beautiful secret all to herself. She told her cousin, whose name was Elizabeth, that though she was poor, God was to make her rich through this gift He had promised her. Elizabeth rejoiced with her and they had many talks about the wonderful Child who was to bring such joy to the world.

Now I want to show you this picture so you can see Mary and the beautiful angel, as he holds the lily toward her and tells her the wonderful secret.

SUBJECT—THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST CHILD.

Luke 2:1-20.

PICTURE—ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS—LEROLLE.

SONGS "CHRISTMAS HYMN" (See page 33), AND 'YE SHEPHERDS ARISE,"—REINECKE.

(*From "Childhood Songs," page 68.—This to be sung to the children.*)

STORY.

(This story is suggested by the description given in "Ben Hur.")

Do you remember, children, the story I told you last Sunday of Mary and the angel, who promised that a wonderful child should be given her? To-day I want to tell you how the dear baby came to His mother.

In the country where Mary lived there was a king, and the people had to obey him, however hard it was for them to do so. At the time of my story, this king said that all the people must pay taxes,—that means some money for the support of his kingdom, —and that they must pay these taxes, not where they lived, but where their fathers had lived. If they had moved to some other place, they had to take a journey, perhaps a long one, back to their father's home.

Joseph was Mary's husband, and he was one of those who had to go a long distance to a little town called Bethlehem, where his father had lived. As

dear Mary did not wish to be left alone, she went with Joseph, but the roads were rough, and she was not strong, so she was very tired, almost ill, when they reached Bethlehem.

Many other people had to take this same journey, and they filled every house in the little town quite full. When Joseph and Mary, who had travelled slowly, at last arrived at Bethlehem, they found no place to sleep. Joseph was very much troubled, for he knew that Mary must rest, so he went first to the inn, or hotel, and then from door to door, but no one had an extra bed. Then he went back to the inn, and there the landlord told him that, though there was

no room in the house, they might go into the stable, if they chose. This stable was a cave built in the side of a rock, but it was warmer than out of doors, so Mary went in and lay down on the straw.

Here in the night the Christ Child, who had been promised, came to her, and I think she was so happy that she forgot how weary and cold she had been.

Little babies were not dressed in those days; instead, they were wrapped in long bands of cloth, which were called swaddling clothes. That is a strange name, is it not? I wish you would try to remember it, if you can.

Mary wrapped her Babe in these swaddling clothes, and, as there was no little bed, she laid Him in a manger from which the cattle fed. Then she and Joseph, with great joy in their hearts, watched their precious Child.

Now I want to tell you something else that happened on that wonderful night. A little way from the town, there were some shepherds. Do you know what shepherds are? Yes, men who take care of sheep.

These men, after watching their flocks through the day, had led them into a large sheepcot. Though it had high walls about it, sometimes a lion or other wild animal would leap over the walls and try to kill the sheep, so one shepherd had to watch at night while the others slept.

I wish you might have seen the shepherds. They were dressed in furs that were rough and heavy. They wore no hats, so their hair was thick and coarse, and their faces were brown and sunburnt. If

you had not looked at them carefully, I think you would have said they were rough men, but had you seen their eyes or their smile, you would have known they were tender and loving. They had had hard lives, staying out of doors all the time and keeping all harm from the flocks, but it made them gentle to take such good care of the sheep and the dear little lambs.

On this night of which I have told you, one shepherd was to watch till twelve o'clock. The night was clear, the stars were twinkling, and all was so still and hushed, it seemed as if the whole world was waiting for something good to happen.

At midnight, just as this watcher was about to awaken another shepherd to take his place, he saw a strange light in the sky. It was soft and white like the moonlight, and, as it spread, he could see the sheep and lambs, the dogs and the sleeping men. It became brighter and brighter, until the stars could no longer be seen. In fear, he cried out: "Awake, awake, the sky is on fire!"

The other men awoke, covered their eyes to shut out the blinding light, and in terror fell upon their knees. But then, clear and sweet, came a voice which said: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

As the shepherds raised their heads, they saw the same beautiful angel, who had come to Mary, dressed in shining white. He spoke again: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Then, as they listened, the angel said: "And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

As he finished speaking, the light seemed to turn to a soft rose-color, and then the shepherds saw the flashing of white wings and many, many angels—a whole multitude—who filled the sky and sang over and over the glad song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The angel, who had first told the good news, spread his beautiful white wings and floated up into the sky, and the bright light slowly faded, but still, from far off, the shepherds could hear the angels singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The shepherds waited and watched for some time, and then one of them said: "Did not the angel say Christ is born?"

"He told us we should find Him lying in a manger," said another. "Let us go and worship Him."

"Can we leave the sheep?" asked one.

"The Lord will care for them," answered another.

So the shepherds hastily went to Bethlehem, and there in a manger in the cave, they found the wonderful Child and Mary, His mother. The shepherds fell upon their knees and said: "It is, indeed, the Christ."

Then, thanking God for letting them see the dear Baby, and with joy shining in their faces, they went

back to their sheep, telling all they met the wonderful news that Christ, the Lord, was really born.

And, children, *that* was the first Christmas day.

(It will make the story much more effective, if the angel's words are intoned, and the song of the angels sung or chanted, the second time very softly. In the picture, point out the sweet attitude of the mother and the surprise and eager interest of the shepherds.)

SUBJECT—THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN MUSIC.

Isaiah 40: 1-5; Luke 2: 8-14.

PICTURE—THE ANGELS AND THE SHEPHERDS—PLOCKHÖRST.

SONG—"SHINE OUT, O BLESSED STAR!" second and third verses.
(*From "Songs and Games for Little Ones,"—Misses Walker and Jenks, page 63.*)

STORY.

Children, in how many different ways do you think stories can be told? Yes, one can tell them with the voice, as I have done, or one can write them, so they can be read from a book or paper. Can you think of other ways? If you look at the pictures on our walls, I am sure you can remember. Yes, one can tell stories by drawing pictures with a pencil or painting them with a brush. Still another way is to tell them in music. When we listen to the piano, organ and violin, and when people sing to us, we hear these stories.

About whom have I told you the last two Sundays? Yes, about the Christ Child.

Would you like to hear to-day of a great man who told this same story in music?

His first names were George Frederick. Then I think you can remember his last name, which was Handel—George Frederick Handel. He lived long

ago and yet many, many years after the Christ Child was born. His home was far from here in a country called Germany, where Froebel lived, who first planned the kindergarten for little children.

George loved music better than anything else. When he was quite a little boy, he would spend hours playing on drums, horns and trumpets. His father loved his little boy dearly and wanted him to be happy, but he was quite an old man, and the noise

his little son made disturbed him, so he said he must not play any more.

Poor little George missed the music so much that his dear mother felt sorry for him, and when some one gave him a little piano, she had it placed in the attic, where he could play without troubling his father. 'Twas a queer little piano, called by a strange name, harpsichord, and the notes were so soft you could hardly hear them. (Have some notes played pianissimo on the piano to illustrate. If the lovely picture by Margaret I. Dicksee, called "Young Handel's First Efforts," can be shown at this time, introduce it by telling that George loved music so much that some times, after he had gone to bed, he would get up and go to the attic to play. Here one night the family, who had heard strange sounds, found him in his little nightgown playing upon his harpsichord.)

Near George's home was a great church, and in the tower were some bells. Have you ever heard the church bells ring? Well, these bells used to ring and also play beautiful songs which people sang in church. George loved to hear this music, and, after he had listened to the bells, he would try to play the same songs on his little harpsichord.

When he was about seven years old (ask a seven year old child to stand to show how tall he was), his father was going to visit a friend, and George begged to go with him. He knew beautiful music could be heard in the place where his father would stay and he wanted so much to hear it, but his father said he could not go. George was very much

disappointed, and after thinking about it a long time, he decided he would run after the carriage in which his father was to ride. The morning for the journey came, and his father started. George slipped out without being seen, and ran and ran for a long time, until he was very tired. At last his father, happening to look out, saw his little boy, dusty and panting from his long run. He was angry at first, but after a moment he said: "Well, George, I really did not know how much you wanted to go with me, so you may get in and ride."

The little fellow was very glad to do so, and soon his tired little head was nestled against his father's arm, and he went fast asleep.

In the large house, or castle, where his father was to visit, there was a room fitted up for a chapel with a beautiful organ. One Sunday the man who played on the organ let George try it, and his music was so beautiful that the great man who owned the castle was delighted. He told George's father that he must let his little boy study music, so when they went home, George was sent to a man who taught him how to play and to write music. George was so, so happy, and he worked hard for many years, for it is not easy to write and play beautiful music.

Would you like to see how music is written? (Show a music book.) 'Tis very different from other books, is it not?

When George was a boy, his dear mother used to tell him stories. Many of them were from the Bible, about David, Samuel, Ruth and others, which I hope you will hear some day, if you do not know them

now. The ones he loved best were those about Jesus; stories of the Christ Child, which I have told you, and of what Jesus did as a boy and man.

When George was older, he wrote stories in music of Samson and Saul, Joseph and others of whom we read in the Bible. But he wished to tell the best story of all, that about Jesus. He thought about it for many years, and at last he wrote such beautiful music that no one has ever written anything finer on this subject. This music tells the whole story of Christ. Handel felt that God was very near him as he made this music, and he tells us that he wrote it upon his knees.

Though written so long ago, it is still given every Christmas in Chicago, in Boston and in many other cities. People listen for hours to the grand singing and playing, and when the concert is over, they feel they have had a little glimpse into heaven. When you are a little older, I hope your fathers and mothers will take you to hear this music, in which Handel has told the story of Christ so beautifully.

When people first heard this music, they were made so happy that they thanked Handel for writing it. Some one told him how much every one enjoyed it, and he said: "I should be sorry if I only pleased people. I wish to make them better."

The first time the music was played, Handel gave all the money he received from it to the sick people in the hospitals.

Now I want to tell you of this music. It begins at a time long, long ago, when all the world was sad and weary, and tells how God will comfort his people by sending Christ to them.

Then it speaks of the night when Christ was born, and this part I am going to ask Mrs. ——— to play. If you listen, I think you can hear the little birds twittering, "Good night, good night," to each other, as the shepherds go to sleep, leaving just one to watch the sheep. (Here have the Pastoral Symphony from "The Messiah" played.) Could you hear the birds, and then did you notice how still everything became?

I have asked Miss ——— to sing for us, and you will hear what happened next. Have the following recitative sung: "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night;

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.'"

If it is possible to have a quartette render the chorus, the following may be given:

Recitative; "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will toward men."

(If this cannot be rendered, continue thus: Now, children, would you not like to sing the words the angel sang? Then stand and give the second verse

of "Shine Out, O Blessed Star," which should have been learned at the beginning of the hour.)

This is all that we will hear to-day, but, perhaps, some other time I will tell you more of this story which Handel told so beautifully in music.

If it is not possible to have this music from "The Messiah" played and sung, tell in place of this story that of "The Chimes," by Raymond MacDonald Alden.

It will emphasize the chorus of the song: "Ring, Ring, Happy Bells," and Blashfield's beautiful "Christmas Chimes" may be used as an illustration. Or the lovely story of "The Stars and the Child," in "Child's Christ Tales," by Andrea Hofer Proudfoot, may be told. Any sweet picture of the Christ Child may be shown as an illustration—Raphael's Sistine Madonna (detail of the mother and Child); Ittenbach's Christ Child or Froschl's Mother and Christ Child, are suggested.

SUBJECT—THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

John 3 :16; 15 :12.

PICTURE—THE NATIVITY—CARL MÜLLER.

SONG—"WHILE STARS OF CHRISTMAS SHINE."

(*From "Holiday Songs,"—Emilie Poulsson, page 95.*)

STORY.

(The most beautiful Christmas story I know is "The Legend of the Christ Child," found in "Christmas-Tide," by Elizabeth Harrison. It breathes the true Christmas spirit and emphasizes the thought that in doing for others, we most fittingly keep the dear Saviour's birthday. If the children are already familiar with this, however, the following little story might be told them.)

One evening just a few weeks before Christmas, a papa and mamma sat talking beside a bright fire in their pretty library. Papa said: "I wish, Alice, we could do something different on this Christmas from what we usually do. Each year we have given presents to the children and have helped them select gifts for us and for each other. We have remembered our friends, also, but all of these have so much given to them. Don't you think it would be nice this Christmas to give to the poor people who have no one to think of them?"

The mother replied: "Yes, dear, I, too, have been thinking of this very thing. I know the children

would be happier if they kept Christmas thus and I'm sure it would please Jesus."

They talked for some time about their plan and the next day, which was Sunday, papa said to the

children: "Wouldn't you like to go with papa and mamma to-day to see some little children?"

Agnes and Bessie, Harold and Robert all said they would like to go, so after dinner they started. They took the car and went to a part of the city where

they had never been. The houses became smaller and smaller, the streets narrower and everything looked crowded and dirty.

When they left the car, papa took them along a narrow street, which looked like an alley, to a large old building. Here they climbed a great many stairs and on the top floor, papa rapped on a door. A little pale-faced child answered the knock and when papa asked, "How is your mother?" she answered, "She doesn't seem to get better."

She asked them in and the children had never seen such a poor home. There were only two rooms and in one the mother lay sick, while three little children played about. Sallie, the oldest, who had opened the door, had done all she could, but she had been too busy caring for her mother and her little brother and sister to keep the room very neat.

Papa had known the poor mother for some time, as she used to clean his office before she was taken ill. He had often sent her help and had gone with mamma to see her, but the children had never been with them before.

Mamma now helped Sallie put the room in order and then she made the poor mother more comfortable, while papa and the children talked to the little brother and sister. Mamma had brought medicine and other things which the poor sick mother was so glad to have.

When at last papa and mamma had to leave, the poor children begged them all to come again, which they promised to do. As they were going home,

papa said: "I fear those poor people won't have a very happy Christmas."

Agnes exclaimed: "Oh, Papa, I wish we could have them come to our Christmas tree!"

Papa replied: "Would you really like to share your Christmas with them, children?"

Then all said, "Yes, indeed, we would."

When they reached home, they sat down and talked over their plan. Papa and mamma told the children they couldn't give them quite so many presents, if they gave to the poor children, too. The children, also, would have to give smaller gifts to papa and mamma and to each other, if they bought presents for their guests, but they were willing to do this. Papa and mamma knew of other poor families and they decided to invite ten children with their mothers and fathers.

I wish you might have peeped into that home on Christmas day. The house was gay with evergreen and holly, while in the library stood a beautiful, tall Christmas tree, which the children had helped to trim. They had made chains of popcorn and cranberries and of silver and gold paper. There were many little lanterns, boxes and baskets which they had learned to make at Kindergarten, and which looked so pretty on the tree, while underneath were piled the presents.

At twelve o'clock the poor people came and when they had taken off their wraps, papa and mamma invited them out to dinner. Most of them didn't usually have much to eat and they had never seen so pretty a table. 'Twas trimmed like the house with

holly and evergreen and there were so many good things on it. I can't tell you how much they all enjoyed the oyster soup, the turkey, which many of the children had never tasted before, the nice vegetables and then the pudding and ice cream.

When they just couldn't eat any more, the children led the way to the library. Papa had gone ahead and had lit all the candles and I wish you could have seen how pretty the tree looked! The eyes of the poor little children most popped out of their heads as they gazed upon it. Agnes and Bessie, Harold and Robert passed the presents and the poor children could hardly believe they were all for them. There were warm cloaks and hoods for the girls, coats and caps for the boys, and mittens for all. Then there were dolls and books, drums and horns, little woolly dogs and cats for the babies, and more toys than I can begin to tell you about. Boxes of candy, oranges and grapes, also, were given to each one. The mothers and fathers were not forgotten, as there were warm shawls, mufflers, gloves and many other things for them.

When the presents had all been given, mamma asked the children if they would like to hear a story. Then she told them the one you know so well of the dear Baby who came to this world on the first glad Christmas day, and of the sweet song the angels sang, as they told the shepherds the good news. The children listened eagerly, for many of them had never heard of the Christ Child. When mamma had finished, she gave to all the children the picture of

the dear Baby and His mother, which I have shown you to-day.

When it was time to go home, the poor children and their fathers and mothers said that they had had such a happy time.

In the evening papa put the presents for mamma and the children under the tree, and though there were not quite so many as usual, every one was much pleased and they all felt it had been the very happiest Christmas they had ever had.

SUBJECT—THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

Matthew 2:1-12.

PICTURE—WORSHIP OF THE MAGI—HOFMANN.

SONG— 'SHINE OUT, O BLESSED STAR!" first verse. (See page 44.)

STORY.

(The material for this story, also, is drawn from "Ben Hur.")

Children, what happy day came this past week? Christmas. And what is Christmas? Christ's birthday. What makes us so happy on Christmas day? (The answer will probably be given that we get presents, but lead the children to speak of the gifts they made as well as those they received.)

Would you like me to tell you of the first gifts the little Christ Child received? I shall have to take you to a strange place to begin my story. Do you know what a desert is? I'm sure you have never seen one. 'Tis a place where there is nothing but sand. One could travel a long way and not see a house or a tree, a bush or a little flower—nothing but sand for miles and miles.

What do you suppose one rides on to travel across a desert? How many of you have seen a camel? It is on these strange animals that men can cross the desert, because they can travel very fast and can go

a long time without water, which often cannot be found for many days.

I want to tell you of a camel which was crossing the desert, many, many years ago, in the very month

Christ was born. It was white and so tall that, had you seen it, you would have wondered how the man ever climbed upon its back. Its neck was long and slender and on its head was a bridle, with red fringe

on the forehead and brass chains hanging from it, with little silver bells on the ends.

Two boxes were fastened on the camel's back, one on each side, and in one sat a man, while the other held what he needed on his journey. Over these boxes there was a green curtain which protected the man from the sun.

As the camel moved on, with its long quick steps, the boxes rose and fell like a boat on the water. But the man was thinking and did not seem to notice where he was going. For two, three, four hours he had been traveling thus over the sand of the desert. But at noon the camel stopped and gave a strange cry, or moan, to show his master that he needed rest and food. The man looked out, bent his head and prayed and then cried, "Ikh! ikh!" which meant, "Kneel! kneel!" The camel slowly obeyed and then the man put his foot on its neck and stepped upon the sand.

He was not a young man. His long black beard was streaked with white. His face was almost as dark as a negro's and his hair was long and straight. His dress was very strange. He wore a long, white, embroidered shirt coming to his ankles and tied around the waist with a sash. Over this was thrown a brown cloak trimmed with yellow. A red handkerchief was fastened about his head and on his feet were sandals, strange shoes with just a bottom, or sole, fastened on to the foot with leather straps.

As soon as he had stepped down, he looked all around but no one was in sight. After putting up his tent of red and white cloth, he set a table for

three people. There were silk napkins, and plates made like baskets, on which he placed meats and fruits, bread and cheese. Again he looked for some one to come and this time he saw first a small speck which, as it came nearer, proved to be another tall, white camel.

When the traveller saw the tent and the man standing in its doorway, he bowed his head and prayed and stepping from his camel's neck to the ground, he greeted the one who had come first.

"Peace be with thee," he said.

"And to thee peace and welcome," was the answer.

The second man was unlike the first. He was tall and thin, with white hair and beard, and his face, though dark, was lighter than the other's. A shawl was wound about his head, and under his white cloak he wore wide, white trousers which were fastened at the ankles. Instead of sandals, he had red slippers with pointed toes.

Soon after these two had greeted one another, they looked up and saw that a third white camel was coming. As the man who rode it reached them, he, too, said, "Peace be to you."

You could tell that he came from quite a different place from the others, for his face was white, his hair light and curly and his dark blue eyes were very beautiful. He wore a garment called a tunic, which came to his knees and was bound about his waist. Over this a blanket was wrapped. He had sandals on his feet, but his head was bare.

After their long journey, the men were glad to sit down to the lunch which the one who arrived first had prepared.

They then told each other how they happened to take the journey. The one who came last spoke first. He said his name was Gasper and that his people believed there was no God, but he had felt that there must be a heavenly Father. He had therefore gone up on a mountain, where he lived in a cave and spent much time praying that he might see God.

One night, as he sat by the door of his cave, looking down at the ocean which lay at the foot of the mountain, he saw a star rising out of the water. It rose slowly until it stood over the place where he sat, and then a voice seemed to say to him: "O Gasper! Thy faith is great and with two others thou shalt see the Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is to come to the world."

The next morning he went down from the mountain, bought the camel and came to meet the others.

Then the man who came second spoke. He said he was called Melchior and came from India, where the people did not know how loving God was and that they would please Him by being kind to others. He said that when he had tried to help people, they had driven him away. So he, too, went by himself, as Gasper had done, and prayed and longed for God to show people how to love one another.

As he walked by a lake one night, suddenly a light began to shine upon the water and a star arose and stood over him. He heard a sweet voice which said:

"Thy love is great. Blessed art thou, O Melchior! With two others who come from far, thou shalt see the Christ who will bring love to the world." So he, too, had travelled to meet the others.

Then the first man told his story. He said he came from Egypt, one of the oldest countries in the world and his name was Balthasar. Many of his people who were rich and great had forgotten God and when he tried to tell about Him, they laughed. But the poor had been glad to listen to him and to them he had talked of God and of what men should do to please Him.

He had tried to help the poor people, but though he worked hard, he could only teach a few and he thought that when he was too old to work there would be no one to help them. So he went apart by himself, as Gaspar and Melchior had done, and asked God to send the Christ who should help every one.

One night he prayed: "O God, the world needs Thee so much! When wilt Thou come?"

As he prayed, a star rose out of the little lake near him and shone so brightly he could not look at it. When it stood over his head, a voice said: "Thou hast done many kind and loving deeds, O Balthasar! With two others thou shalt see the Saviour." He had bought his camel and had hastened to meet the others.

When each had told his story, these three Wise Men packed the tent and started again on their journey. As they travelled, suddenly a bright light ap-

peared and as it rose higher, they cried out: "The star! the star! God is with us!"

They journeyed on and on until they came to Jerusalem, where King Herod lived, the same king who had said that all the people must pay him taxes. The travellers asked him where they could find the little Baby who was to be king. But Herod did not know of any king but himself, so he called all the great men together and they looked in the Bible and found that Jesus was to be born in Bethlehem.

The three Wise Men went to the little town where Christ had been born, the star still showing them the way. It was some weeks after that first Christmas day and Joseph and Mary were no longer in the stable, but were now living in a house near by. As the star stood still over this house, the Wise Men knew that they had found the right place.

When they entered and saw the dear Baby in Mary's lap, they cried out, "It is the Star Child!" and knelt down and worshipped Him. Then they brought rich gifts to Him, gold and perfumes that had such a sweet odor and that were given only to kings.

At last they went back to their homes and all their lives they thanked the dear heavenly Father for letting them see the wonderful Christ Child who was to bring joy and peace to all the world.

SUBJECT—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matthew 2:12-13.

PICTURE—FLIGHT INTO EGYPT—HOFMANN.

STORY.

Children, of whose visit to the Christ Child did we hear last Sunday? Yes, that of the Wise Men. You remember that they went to Herod to inquire where they should find the Child who was to be the King, and as Herod did not know, he asked others to tell them. When the Wise Men had learned that the Babe was to be born in Bethlehem, Herod told them to go and find Him and then to come back to the palace and tell him of their visit. He said he, too, wished to worship Him, but that was not true. He did not want anyone to be king except himself, and so he thought he would find this Child who was to be King and put Him to death.

When the Wise Men had presented their gifts to the Christ Child, an angel came and told them not to go back to the palace, so they returned to their homes without seeing the king again. Herod might have found out in some other way, however, where the dear Baby was, so an angel came to Joseph one night and said: "Arise and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou

there until I tell thee; for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him."

How startled Joseph must have been to have heard this news, but he must have felt very sure that God

would help him care for the precious Child, when an angel was sent to tell him of this danger.

He arose at once and after calling Mary they quickly packed their things for the journey, the first one the dear Baby had ever taken, and started

that very same night. How do you suppose they travelled? Not in a train, nor even in an omnibus nor carriage. Instead, they had just one mule and on this Joseph put Mary, who had the dear Baby close in her arms, while he walked in front, leading the animal.

They travelled slowly in this way and at night they stopped, built a little fire to keep them warm and then, spreading their long cloaks over them, they lay down in the open air to sleep. I think one of God's bright angels went with them, keeping all harm and danger away from the Holy Child and His dear mother and father.

Egypt wasn't very far away, so after travelling three days, they reached the little river which separated it from the country where they had lived. When they had crossed it, they were quite safe and Herod could not harm them. How glad the mother must have been that she had her dear Child out of danger.

As the journey cost quite a little money and as Joseph and Mary were poor, they could not have gone had not Mary remembered the gold which the Wise Men had brought to the Christ Child. This she had carefully kept and it was even more than they needed.

Wouldn't you like to have been in Egypt, children, in those days, to have seen the dear Baby? As you watch your own little brother and sister, you can think that Jesus was once just such a little child. There He first learned from His mother's lips to say

the gentle, loving words which all His life comforted and helped so many people.

After some time had passed, the angel came once more to Joseph and told him that the wicked king was dead, so it would be safe for him to go back to his own land. Again the three took the journey, but instead of going to Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, they went to Nazareth, where they had first lived, and where the angel had told Mary the dear Baby was to be given to her. Of Jesus' home there, I will tell you next Sunday.

SUBJECT—THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

Luke 2:40, 52.

PICTURE—INFANCY OF CHRIST—HOFMANN.

SONG—"I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY," second verse.
(*From "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," page 29.*)

STORY.

Would you like me to tell you to-day of Jesus' home, children? You remember that after the wicked King Herod died, Joseph and Mary could bring their dear little Child back again to their own country.

As I told you last Sunday, they decided to live in Nazareth, which had been their early home. 'Tis a small town, with hills rising all about it and I wish you could have stood on one of those hills and looked down on the pretty white roofs and the narrow streets. There were beautiful gardens where grew lovely flowers, and orchards of fig and olive trees. In the spring time every thing looked very bright and fresh; gentle doves cooed on the house tops and other birds flew about the trees, the sunlight gleaming on their bright colors.

The little house in which Jesus lived was quite different from yours. How many rooms has your home? Well, Jesus' had but one. Wasn't that a tiny house? It was built of white stone over which vines wreathed themselves and on the flat roof flowers grew and birds loved to alight. Inside the house a bench ran around the wall and on this Jesus

placed every morning the bright colored quilt, neatly folded, on which He had slept at night. Would it not seem strange to you not to have any bed but just to sleep upon a quilt spread on the floor? A lamp

hung from the center of the room and there was a chest, or cupboard, painted with bright colors, in which the family kept their best clothes and their books. Near the doors stood the water jars, filled

with the pure, cool water which Mary used to bring from the fountain or well.

At meal time a little round, wooden table was drawn out from the wall and on this was placed either a dish of rice and meat, or of stewed fruits. This with bread was all they had to eat. It was a very simple meal, was it not? After they had finished eating, each one would hold his hands over a brass bowl, while Jesus poured water over them from a brass pitcher. He was trained to be very neat and washed often, before He ate, before He prayed, before He went to bed and at many other times.

Would you like to know how He was dressed? He wore a bright red caftan, which is a kind of long garment, tied about the waist with a sash of many colors. When He was a little boy, He wore no shoes or stockings, but later He wore sandals, pieces of leather which covered only the bottom of the feet and were fastened on with leather straps. There were white mats on the floors and to keep these clean, the sandals were taken off when the people entered the house. Wouldn't it be strange if, instead of rubbing your feet on the mat, before you went into your home, you should take off your shoes?

I am sure you would all like to know just what Jesus did all day long when He was a little Boy, but the Bible tells us very little about Him at that time. I want to read you, however, just what it does say: "The Child grew and waxed strong and was filled with wisdom," which means that, as He grew older, He learned more and more. The little boys in those days used to begin to study when they were very

young. Their dear mothers would tell them beautiful stories out of the Bible and I'm sure Mary often did this, as Jesus knew all these stories so well when He was a man. Then at five or six the boys went to school and don't you think dear Jesus was loving and kind there, so all His little schoolmates liked to play with Him? He must have studied hard, also, to have "increased in wisdom."

I feel very sure that He was gentle and thoughtful wherever He was and helped every one who needed help, just as He did when He was a man, for the Bible says, "He increased in favor with God and men," which means that both God and men loved Him.

Every Sunday He went to church and listened very attentively to the words of the preacher. The church would have seemed strange to you, for all the men sat on one side, while on the other, sat the women, who always wore long veils over their faces. At home His dear father read the Bible and prayed to God every day with his family, and Jesus often went away by Himself and talked to God, whom, even as a little boy, He knew as His loving, heavenly Father.

Joseph was a carpenter and I think Jesus would often help him by bringing the tools he needed, as you see Him doing in this picture. He would help His dear mother, also, by bringing the water from the fountain and keeping the little home neat. Or He would help in the care of His brothers and sisters, for His mother must have been busy as she had many children.

He did not work all the time, though, I am sure. I think He often played games with other children and His laugh rang out the merriest of all, for He was a happy Boy. Just think, children, He never said a cross or unkind word, or did a naughty or selfish thing. He was always cheerful and happy, brave and loving. Wouldn't you like to play with that kind of a boy? I'm sure He wants us all to be loving, kind and helpful just as He was.

SUBJECT—THE SCENE IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke 2:41-51.

PICTURE—CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE—HOFMANN.

STORY.

Do you remember, children, Jesus' first journey, when, as a little Baby, His father and mother carried Him to Egypt? To-day I want to tell you of another journey He took when He was a Boy of twelve. You know we have many holidays which help us to remember certain things. Can you tell me some of them? Yes, Christmas is one, dear Jesus' birthday, and Thanksgiving is another, when we thank God for all He has done for us through the year.

When Jesus lived, people had such holidays, or holydays, as the word really means. On one of them all who could do so, went to Jerusalem, which was the largest city in that country, and there worshipped God. Joseph and Mary went to the great city every year on this holiday. Jesus longed to go with them and when He was twelve years old, His parents said He might go.

The journey was taken in April, which was one of the most beautiful months of the year, and as Jesus came down the hill from the little town of Nazareth, where He lived, His first view of the country gave

Him such delight. Orange, olive and fig trees lifted their branches above His head, the large corn fields lay on either side of the road, while everywhere blossomed the flowers, a rich profusion of scarlet,

blue and purple. The birds of many colors flew overhead and all nature seemed bright and joyous.

Many, many people—a vast multitude—were taking the same journey and all were chatting and laughing as they walked or rode along. You know I told you people could not travel as we do now on the cars. Instead the women and old men rode mules, horses or camels, which the men led. The boys walked with their fathers or, when they became tired, they were lifted up to ride for awhile behind their mothers. As the people travelled on, they often

sang to keep them from becoming tired and some among them would play on flutes and drums. They stopped once in awhile to refresh themselves with dates or melons, or to get a cool drink of water from some little stream.

I wish you might have seen Jesus. He was tall and strong, a beautiful Boy, clothed in a red caftan, the long garment of which I told you, and over this was an outer garment, called a tunic, of white, fastened about His waist with an embroidered sash. He wore, also, a loose jacket of blue.

As it was His first journey since He was a little Child, He had many things to think about and was almost too happy to talk as He walked along. He thought of the great city He was to visit with its wonderful Temple where He might worship His heavenly Father. When it grew dark the travellers would stop, pitch their tents for the night and rest, but I think Jesus would lie awake a long time looking up at the bright stars and thinking of all that this journey meant to Him.

On the fourth day the high towers and great walls of Jerusalem could be seen. Jesus looked eagerly toward it and there was the Temple, its golden pinnacles flashing in the sunlight and its white marble gleaming like snow. All the people shouted, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" as they saw it and then burst into a glad song of praise. But Jesus bent His head; He could not shout nor sing nor even speak, He was so deeply moved.

I know how He must have enjoyed the days they spent in the great city—all was so new and strange,

so different from the quiet little town where He had spent His happy childhood. Everything interested Him, but He loved best to go to the wonderful Temple where He would kneel and thank His dear Father for all the blessings He had received.

After several days Joseph and Mary started home. Jesus was not with them, but they thought He was with some of their friends or neighbors, so they did not look for Him. But when night came and He did not join them, they began to feel anxious. They went to one party after another, but no one had seen the Boy. Greatly troubled they returned to the city and went all about hunting Him. For three days they searched and poor Mary was so anxious and frightened. Joseph, too, wished he had never let Jesus leave him.

At last they went to the Temple and what do you think they saw? In one of the halls, or small rooms, they found Jesus talking to some rabbis, or wise men. He was asking these wise men questions. Though they were old men, many of them with white hair and long white beards, they were glad to talk to the beautiful Boy with His bright face and eager interest. They found that Jesus had studied the Bible so carefully that He could answer all their questions and they were often puzzled when He asked questions of them. The longer they talked the more astonished they became, for Jesus knew more than even they did about many things. He was so interested that He forgot all about His mother and father, His home and everything else.

When His parents found Him, His mother cried out: "Oh, my Son, my Son, why did you leave us? Your father and I have been so frightened and for three days have searched for you everywhere."

Jesus said: "Why did you look anywhere else? Didn't you know I would be here in the Temple, in my heavenly Father's house?"

But He went with them at once and was their loving, obedient Son just as He had always been. I am sure, however, that He never forgot the wonderful Temple and His talk with the wise men there.

SUBJECT—THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS.

Luke 2:51, 52.

PICTURE—HEAD OF CHRIST—HOFMANN.

(*From "Christ in the Temple."*)

SONG "MORNING PRAYER."

(*From "The Child's Garden of Song,"—William L. Tomlins, page 11.*)

STORY.

I told you last Sunday, children, that Jesus went with His parents back from Jerusalem to His home in Nazareth. The Bible says that He was "subject" to His father and mother, which means that He always did as they wished Him to do. When you are good and mind papa and mamma, are you happy, children? Then I know that dear Jesus was so, for you remember that He never did anything wrong. I am sure His home was a happy one, for just think how much joy and gladness one boy, who was always cheerful, loving and good, would make. Joseph, too, was strong and wise, a man who loved God and tried always to do right, and Mary was so sweet and gentle that I'm sure her presence brought quiet and peace.

For eighteen long years Jesus lived in His home and the Bible tells us very little of what He did, but of some things we may be sure. We know that He was poor and had to work to earn money to buy food and clothes and other things the family needed.

When He was still young, God called His dear father to come up to heaven to be with Him and then I think Jesus took His father's place and cared for His mother, brothers and sisters. What kind of work

do you think He did? Do you remember what His father was? Yes, a carpenter and even as a little Boy, Jesus would help him by bringing his tools and in other ways. Now He, Himself, was a carpenter and when people wanted a door made, or a

fence mended, or a new roof put on a house or barn, they came to Jesus to do it. Do you think He did His work well? Yes, I am sure everything He made was done perfectly.

It was not only with His hands that He worked. He read and studied all through these long years, His father, mother and others helping Him. The Bible was the book He studied most until He knew all the wonderful words that were in it.

Then I think God talked to Him and taught Him what He wished Him to do. I think God talks to us, too, dear children. Does not a little voice in your heart tell you what is right and what is wrong? I like to think that is God's voice speaking to us.

Jesus talked often to God, also. How did He do that? Yes, He would kneel and pray to His heavenly Father. He loved to be alone and He would often climb the hills which rose above His home, or walk through the quiet fields, or rest under the trees and think of all the work He was to do. Perhaps He did not know when He was a Boy just what work God had for Him, but, as He grew older, He became more and more sure that He was not like other young men, but that God had sent Him to the world to help people to be loving and good.

In the pictures that men make of Jesus, they often paint a beautiful light about His head and I think a light really did shine from Him, but it came from His loving face and made those about Him happy. I am sure He was beautiful because every one who saw Him loved Him. Little children came to Him so gladly and the sight of His kind eyes and tender

smile would make people forget all their sorrow and trouble.

I have told you that He read and studied many books, but I want to tell you of other things, also, which He watched and studied. He loved to climb the hill which rose above Nazareth, so that He might see the eagles, or great birds, soaring above His head and feel the soft breeze lifting the hair from His brow. As He looked down He saw the beautiful trees and fields and the square flat-roofed houses with the pretty gardens about them. At His feet grew the lovely wild flowers, while in the distance He could see the great mountains covered with snow.

I am sure He loved everything His heavenly Father had made, the little birds, the hens with their cunning chickens, and the frolicsome lambs, while even the foxes and serpents interested Him. Then He watched people at their work, the farmer as he scattered his seed, the woman as she made her bread and the little children at play. When He was a man He told beautiful stories about all these things and some of them I shall tell you. When you are older, I am sure you will love to read them all in the Bible.

SUBJECT—THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Matthew 3 :13-17.

PICTURE—THE JORDAN.

(*Palestine.*)

STORY.

Children, did you ever see a little baby baptized? You know that the father and mother bring the little one to church and there promise to teach him to love God and to do what is right. Then Dr. ——— (give the minister's name) puts some water on the baby's head and asks God to bless him. Would you like to hear to-day of the time when Jesus was baptized.

I must go back and tell you first of a little baby who came to his mother just a little while before the Christ Child was sent to Mary. An angel had told his father, who was a minister and such a good man, that this little boy would come to their home and that his name was to be John. The angel said he would make many people happy because he would tell them about Jesus.

John did not stay at home like other boys. Instead he went away by himself to a lonely place called a wilderness and there he lived for many years all alone. He wore a garment made of rough, heavy cloth, tied about his waist with a leather strap, and

he ate only the coarse food which he found in the wilderness.

Do you remember that I told you, some weeks ago, how sad and wicked people had become and how

they longed for God to send His Son to teach them to be good and happy once more? Well, John spent many, many hours thinking of these things. He knew how the people needed help and he prayed to God to send the promised Saviour.

At last I think God spoke to him and told him that Jesus, who was to help every one, had really come to this earth and that he might tell people to prepare for Him. You know when mamma is going to have company, she sees that everything is in order and perhaps trims the house with flowers. John was to tell the people to prepare for Jesus by

trying to make their hearts clean and pure. Those who had done wrong must feel sorry and try to do only good and kind things.

John was very glad he could be God's messenger, so he went out by the river Jordan and there many, many people came to him. To all he said, "Repent," which means, "Feel sorry you have done wrong and try to do better."

He then told them that Jesus was coming to help them to live good, true, pure lives. When the people heard him, they felt sorry they had been so wicked; they wept and said they would try to be good. Then John took some water from the river and baptized them and told them to remember to do what was right.

The people said to him, "You are so good we are sure you, yourself, are the Christ."

But John said: "Oh, no! I am not even good enough to untie His shoe. I am only sent to tell you to make your hearts pure, so you will be ready to see Him when He comes."

Jesus was now a man thirty years old and even in Nazareth He heard of John, for people went to hear him from all parts of the country. Jesus went with the others, as He thought perhaps God wished Him to leave His quiet home now and begin His work of helping people. He travelled until He came to the river Jordan and there, standing under the trees, He watched John speaking to the people. As soon as John saw Him, he knew He was the Christ. His eyes filled with tears, as he bowed his head and worshipped Him.

Jesus started to go toward the river that John might baptize Him, but John cried out, "I need to be baptized by you and do you come to me?"

But Jesus said, "Let it be so, for that is God's will."

He stepped into the river and John baptized Him.

Then, children, such a wonderful thing happened. As Jesus came up out of the water, the sky seemed to open and a beautiful white dove flew slowly down. It circled about Jesus and then settled gently upon His head, as He stood silently praying. Then from heaven a voice was heard, which said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Would it not seem very wonderful if we should hear a voice speaking from the sky? I think these words meant that Jesus had been so loving and good that God was pleased with everything He had done.

Shall we, too, try to please our heavenly Father, children dear? Can you tell me how you can please Him. (Lead the children to speak of loving, helpful things they can do.)

SUBJECT—THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matthew 4:1-11.

PICTURE—HEAD OF CHRIST—HOFMANN.

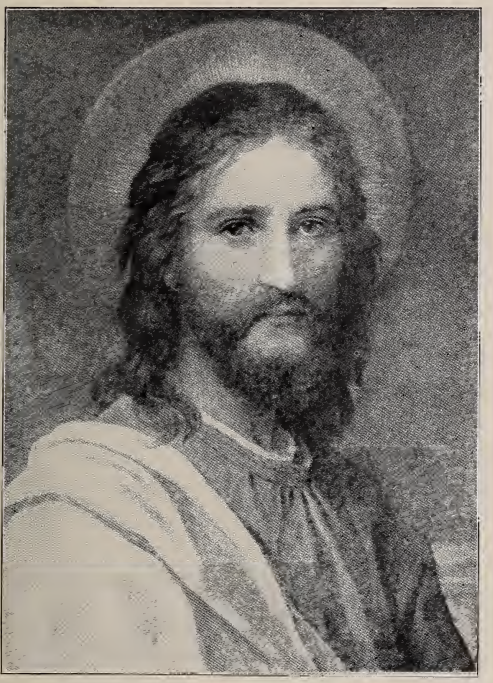
STORY.

Do you remember, children, I told you that I thought we each could hear God's voice speaking to us? Something in our hearts seems to tell us what is right and what is wrong. God's voice always tries to help us do what is right but another voice tempts us to do naughty things.

This voice comes from the tempter who is always busy trying to get people to do wrong. Does he ever come to you and tell you that you can take another cookie when mamma has said you couldn't have any more, or that you needn't let her know you heard when she called you, or that you ought to slap your little brother because he has torn your dolly's dress? I think the tempter whispers to all of us, urging us to do selfish, unkind, naughty things, and do you know that he even tried to get Jesus to do what was wrong.

After the Voice had spoken from heaven those beautiful words of which I told you last Sunday, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," the tempter said, "I will see if I can't make Jesus do something that will *not* please God."

Jesus wished to be alone after He was baptized to try to find out just what God wished Him to do, so He went to the wilderness where He should see no one. 'Twas a very lonely place with great rocks and



hills about and no beautiful trees or lovely flowers. There were wild animals, too, and at night Jesus could hear the howling of a wolf or the barking of a jackal, but none of them hurt Him. They seemed to make the darkness all the more lonely, however.

Here Jesus stayed for many days and nights and He was thinking so deeply that He even forgot to eat.

At last the tempter came to Him. I think perhaps he just whispered in Jesus' heart, as he often does in ours, and what do you think he said? Did you ever see a large stone that looked like a loaf of bread? There was one of these smooth stones near Jesus and the tempter said: "You can do whatever you wish, because you are the Christ. I know you are very hungry for you have eaten nothing for many days. Why don't you turn this stone into a loaf of bread and eat it?"

Children, Jesus knew He *could* do this. He knew He need only say, "Be bread," and the cold, hard stone would be a warm, sweet loaf. He was so hungry that He felt faint and almost sick, but He said: "No, God did not want me just to please myself. He sent me to the world to help others. If I am hungry, He will give me food and I know He would not want me to turn this stone into bread just to eat it myself."

The tempter then tried again. He seemed to carry Jesus to one of the towers of the beautiful Temple at Jerusalem. (I think it was a kind of dream, or vision, that came to Jesus.) It was very, very high and, as Jesus looked down, the grown people below didn't seem to be any larger than children. The tempter whispered: "Throw yourself down, for the Bible says God will send His angels to take care of you, so you will not be hurt."

Jesus said: "Oh no, the angels only take care of us when we are doing right and it would be foolish and wrong for me to do what you ask."

The tempter thought he would try once more, so this time he carried Jesus to a high mountain and said: "Your people want a king to rule over them and drive away all those who are unkind and cruel to them. Now I am very strong and powerful and if you will kneel down and worship me, I will make you a great king. You shall wear beautiful clothes and have good things to eat and be happy all the time. You will be able to help your people, also, whom you love, and every one will know that you are the great King whom God has sent."

Jesus replied: "No, I must worship God and kneel only to Him." I think, children, He did not want to be that kind of a king, but instead He wished to make people well, when they were sick, and help them to be loving and kind.

The tempter found that Jesus would do nothing wrong, so he went away and then, children, the Bible says that angels came and cared for Him. Don't you think they whispered in His ear that He was God's beloved Son and that He had pleased His heavenly Father by refusing to do all the wrong things the tempter had suggested? Then they brought Him food and, when He had eaten, He fell asleep with their loving arms about Him.

SUBJECT—CHRIST, AND HIS DISCIPLES.

John 1:29-49; Matthew 4:18-22; 9:9; Luke 5:4-11.

PICTURE—CALLING OF MATTHEW—ALEXANDRE BIDA.

STORY.

Last Sunday you remember that I told you, children, of the wicked tempter who tried to make Him do what was wrong. But you know he did not succeed and had to go away because He would not do any of the things he suggested. Then the angels came and cared lovingly for Jesus, giving Him food and refreshing sleep.

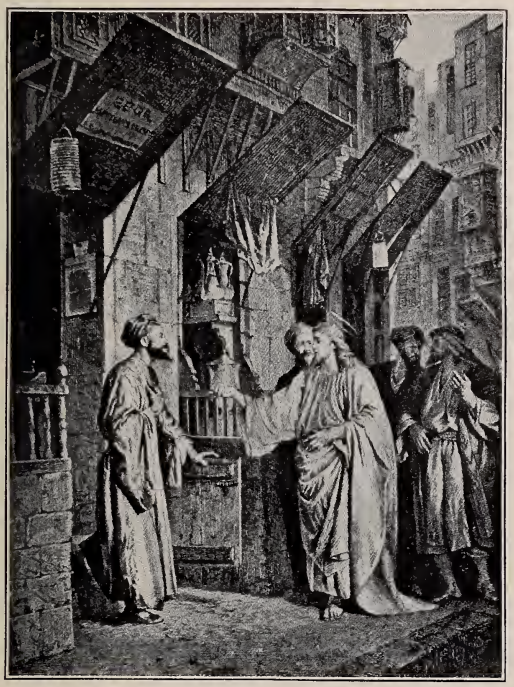
After He was rested, Jesus went back to the river Jordan and when John saw Him, he cried out, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!" which means: "This is the One of whom I told you, who will help you to be good."

He then reminded the people that the dove had flown down to rest on Jesus' head, when he baptized Him, and said that God had told him that the one upon whom the dove should rest was really the Christ.

The next day as Jesus again passed by, John said the same words, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Two men whom John had helped, were standing near him and when they heard his words, they fol-

lowed Jesus. Perhaps they didn't like to speak to Him first, so how glad they were when He turned and said, "What do you seek?"



They didn't quite know what to say, I think, but they longed to be with Him, so they answered, "Rabbi" (which means Master or Teacher), "where do you live?"

Jesus said, "Come with me and you shall see," so they went home with Him.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon and they stayed all that day and night. What happy hours they must have had talking with Jesus and how sure they must have become that He was indeed the Christ, whom God had sent to help people.

They had been so happy with Him that they wanted to tell others what a loving Friend He was, so one of them, whose name was Andrew, went at once to find his brother Simon. He said to him, "Just think, we have found the Christ!" Simon was so glad to hear this wonderful news and wanted to see this One of whom he had heard, so Andrew brought him to Jesus.

When Jesus saw him, He said: "People call you Simon, but now you shall be called Peter." The name Simon means a dove, but Peter means the rock where the dove can hide and I think Jesus meant to say that Peter would learn from Him to grow as strong as a rock, and would be able to help and protect people, just as a great rock could give shelter to a little, gentle dove.

Peter and Andrew were fishermen and so was John, the one who first came to Jesus with Andrew, and after awhile they went back to their work.

One morning, as Jesus came to the shore of the lake, He saw that Peter and Andrew were just coming home from fishing. He said, "Take your boat out a little farther where the water is deeper and let down the nets." (In those days, instead of fishing with a pole and line, they caught the fish in nets.)

Peter said, "Master, we have worked hard all night and haven't caught a single fish." Then he added, "But of course we will do as you say."

So they took the boat out to the deep water and let down the nets, and, children, such a wonderful thing happened? So many fish came into the nets that they began to break and Peter and Andrew couldn't pull them in. They called to John and James, the brother of John, who were near in their boat, to come and help them and it was all that the four strong men could do to drag the nets to shore. They were so astonished and Peter knelt down and worshipped Jesus and said, "I am unworthy to be with you, for you are so good and kind and I often do wrong things."

But Jesus said, "Don't be afraid, Peter. I want you and your brother to follow me and as you have drawn fish into your nets, so now I want you to persuade men to come to me that I may teach them to be kind and good."

Peter and his brother were so glad that Jesus wished them to be with Him always and they at once left the fish, their boats and nets and followed Him.

Then Jesus passed on a little way and there were John and James with their father mending the net that had been broken by the great quantity of fish they had caught. Jesus said to them, also, "Follow me," and they said good-bye to their father and left everything and followed Him.

On another day as Jesus was walking along, He saw a man named Philip and He said to him, "Fol-

low me." Perhaps Philip knew how loving and good Jesus was and so was glad to be called by Him. Not only did Philip go with Him, but he went to get a friend to bring him to Jesus.

This friend was Nathanael (that is a long, hard name, is it not?) and Philip said to him: "We have found the Christ and instead of being a great, rich man as we thought He would be, He is Jesus, the carpenter, who lives in Nazareth."

Nathanael knew how small this little town was, so he said, "Is it possible that Christ can come from Nazareth?" Philip didn't try to answer but just said, "Come and see."

When Jesus saw Nathanael, He said, "Here is a good man."

Nathanael was so surprised and said, "Why how do you know anything about me?"

Jesus answered, "Before Philip called you, when you were under the fig tree, I saw you."

Jesus did not mean He had really seen Nathanael with His eyes, because He was too far away, but He meant that He could tell what Nathanael was doing. Perhaps Nathanael had been kneeling under the fig tree, thinking about Christ and wishing He might come to the world, so now, when Jesus said He had seen him there and knew what he was longing for, Nathanael was sure He was Christ. He said, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou are the King."

At another time Jesus saw a man named Matthew, to whom people were paying taxes. You know I told you that the king of that country said that people must pay money for his kingdom, so he chose

some men to take this money and bring it to him. These men were often wicked and made the people pay more than was right, so they could keep some of the money. I think that Matthew had not always been a good man, but Jesus knew he wanted to be better, so when He saw him He said to him, as He had said to the others, "Follow me." And, children, he gave up all his business and followed Jesus at once and became a good, true man. Later he wrote a part of the Bible, which tells us all about dear Jesus and what He did when He was on earth.

After that Jesus called other men to be with Him; Thomas, and others whose names I shall not give you, for I'm afraid you couldn't remember them. There were twelve in all and they are called Jesus' disciples, because they were always with Him. Must it not have made them happy to go with Him and hear all the wonderful words that He spoke and see all the kind, loving things that He did? I, too, should like to have been with Him, wouldn't you, children dear?

SUBJECT—THE WEDDING AT CANA.

John 2:1-11. (*R. V.*)

PICTURE—MARRIAGE AT CANA—DORÉ.

STORY.

Children, how many of you have been to a party? I think every one. Do you like to go? Yes, I am sure you do and I know you have happy times when there. Has any one been to a wedding? Oh, yes, I see many of you know what that is, also. 'Tis a kind of party, is it not?—the very happiest party one could have. The bridegroom is so glad he is to take the sweet bride away with him after the wedding, and she loves him so much that this day, when she is to leave her home and go with him, is the very happiest one of her life. All the friends, too, who come to the wedding, rejoice in their happiness.

Do you know, children, that the Bible tells us of a wedding to which dear Jesus went? It was at Cana, a small town just a little distance from His home at Nazareth. Let me read you just what the Bible says: "There was a marriage" (or wedding) "in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there, and Jesus also was bidden" (or invited) "and His disciples, to the marriage."

Jesus had had to take a long journey to come to this wedding. You know He had been to the river

Jordan, where He had been baptized, and had then had those long, hard days in the wilderness, where the tempter tried to persuade Him to do wrong. Then He had called His disciples, Peter and

Andrew, John, Philip and others, to follow Him, and now He brought them with Him to the wedding.

When they reached the house I am sure they were all dusty and tired, so they were glad to bathe their faces and hands with the cool water which the

servants brought them. They washed their feet, also, for you remember I told you that the people took off their shoes, or sandals, when they entered the houses and stepped on the clean, white mats.

I am sure Jesus was glad to see His dear mother, for He had been away from her a long time, and how happy she must have been to see Him. I think she met and kissed Him, before He saw the others.

The bride was a cousin of Jesus and He was glad to see her, too. She looked so sweet in her lovely dress, with a wreath of flowers upon her head and a long veil covering her from head to foot.

In those days weddings were different from ours. The bride walked to the bridegroom's home just at twilight, when the sun was bidding the world "Good-night." Torch-lights, which twinkled in the growing darkness, were carried before her and the young people who were with her danced and sang, while some played on flutes and drums. When she reached her new home, the party took place there. Instead of lasting just a few hours that evening, the merry times continued and the wedding guests stayed for several days.

The second or third day Jesus' mother came to Him in great trouble and told Him there was no more wine. Think how sorry people would feel now, if, when they gave a party, they found they had not enough ice cream or cake for every one. Mary knew that the bride and bridegroom and their father and mother would all feel so badly if their guests had not enough to drink and she felt sure Jesus could help them. I think she had always gone

to Him in trouble, as He had been such a strong, loving, helpful Son.

Jesus did not say at once that He would help her, but she felt sure He would, so she told the servants to do whatever He commanded.

Jesus stood still for a moment and then He noticed the great stone water jars near the door. From them the servants had poured the water to give to all the guests to bathe their hands and feet and they were now almost empty. Jesus said to the servants, "Fill the water jars with water," and they filled them to the brim.

"Pour it out now," said Jesus, "and take it to the one who is sitting at the head of the table."

And, children, when the servants poured it out, it was no longer the clear, cold water they had just put in the jars, but instead it was a bright red wine! They were astonished and so was every one who drank it, when they heard the story, for it was the best wine they ever tasted.

The wine that we have now often hurts people when they take it, but I am sure this that Jesus made was sweet and pure and could harm no one. Perhaps it was just the grape juice that even litttle children love to drink.

Every one was glad Jesus had helped them in their trouble and I think there never was a happier, merrier wedding than that one at Cana when He was one of the guests. The Bible says that His disciples believed on Him. I know they all, Peter and John and the rest, must have rejoiced that they had a Friend who could do such wonderful things.

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SUBJECT—THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Mark 1:29-31; John 4:46-53; Mark 7:32-37; 10:46-52; Luke 18:43.

PICTURE—HEALING THE SICK—HOFMANN.

SONG—"THE GREAT PHYSICIAN," first verse only.
(*From "Gospel Hymns, Consolidated," page 56.*)

STORY.

When you are sick, children, for whom does mamma send? Yes, the doctor. I want to tell you to-day of the greatest Doctor who ever lived. Who do you think He was? Yes, Jesus. He is called the Great Physician, or Doctor, because He made so many sick people well.

You remember that one of Jesus' twelve disciples was named Peter and at one time his wife's mother was ill with a fever. Peter and his wife were so troubled, for they loved her dearly and could not bear to have her suffer. They knew that Jesus could help her, so Peter went and asked Him to come and make her well.

I want to read you the sweet story just as the Bible tells it. "Jesus came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them," that means she waited upon them.

I know she was very thankful that dear Jesus had made her well and it must have been a joy to

her to serve Him in any way. Perhaps He was hungry and she brought him food and then persuaded Him to rest awhile.

On another day the son of a rich man was taken very ill. He grew worse and worse until every one thought he would die. His father had heard that Jesus could make people well, so he started to find Him.

He had to travel a long way, but at last he saw Jesus and begged Him to come to his house and heal his little son who was so very, very ill. "Will you not come quickly," he cried, "before my son dies."

Jesus said unto him, "Go thy way; thy son liveth," that is, "Go back home again. It is not necessary for me to go with you, for I have made your son well even though I am so far away."

The father believed that his little boy was really cured just as Jesus said and oh, how happy he was!

It was seven o'clock so he decided not to go home that night but to rest instead, as he was very weary from the long journey. As he was going home the next morning, his servants came running to meet him, crying, "Your son lives! your son lives!"

He asked them when the little boy began to grow better and they replied, "Yesterday, at seven o'clock, the fever left him," which was just the hour Jesus had told him his son had been made well.

Don't you think, children, the father was very glad to get his dear little boy in his arms again? How thankful he must have felt that Jesus had done this great thing for him.

But now I have something even more wonderful to tell you that Jesus did. One day a poor man was brought to Him who could neither hear nor speak. Just think how hard it would be, children, if you should see that people were talking but couldn't hear one word they said and couldn't say one word yourself. The friends of this man felt so sorry for

him that they begged Jesus to put His hand on him, as they knew just a touch would make him well.

Jesus took the man a little apart from the crowds which were pressing about Him and put His fingers in his ears and touched his tongue Immediately the man's ears were opened so he could hear and his tongue was loosened so he could speak plainly.

The people were astonished that Jesus could do such a wonderful thing as this and they told every one about it, saying, "He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." (Read the Bible words whenever possible.)

Now, children, shut your eyes tight just a moment. Wouldn't it be very sad if you always had to keep them shut and couldn't see the beautiful flowers or the sunshine or your dear mamma's face?

When Jesus was on earth, there lived a poor man named Bartimeus. He was quite blind and so poor that he had to sit by the road and beg for money to buy his food. One day he heard the noise of many, many people and he asked what it meant. He was told that Jesus was passing by. Now Bartimeus had heard what wonderful things Jesus had done and he had often thought, "Oh, if I could only go and find Him and ask Him to make me see!" But he had no one to take him and he dared not go alone, as he was blind.

Now, however, when he heard that Jesus was really passing, he called out as loud as he could, "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!"

The people told him to be quiet and not make such a noise, as he would disturb Jesus.

But Bartimeus thought, "I have wanted to find Him for so long and He *must* not pass by without helping me." So he cried out louder than ever, "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!"

Jesus stood still and told the people to bring the blind man to Him. They hurried to Bartimeus and said, "Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee." Bartimeus threw away his cloak so he could run faster and hurried to Jesus.

Jesus said, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

Bartimeus answered, "Lord, give me my sight."

And Jesus said, "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole," that is, "because you believe that I can make you see, I will do so."

And immediately he received his sight and followed Jesus. Then he and all the people who saw what had been done praised and thanked God.

I wish I had time to tell you of many, many others whom Jesus healed. He made the sick well, the lame walk and helped every one who came to Him.

We can see Jesus no longer, children dear, but He is still very close to us. If our friends are ill, we can pray to Him and He will help the doctors give the right medicine and the mothers and nurses take good care of them, so they may get well. Or if we are in pain ourselves, we can go to Jesus, the Great Physician, and ask Him to make us well.

SUBJECT—THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

Matthew 5:3.

PICTURE—DANTE.

STORY.*

How many of you have been to church, children? Do you remember that after the people have sung and have thanked God, as we do here, for all His goodness to them, Dr. ——— (mention the minister's name) preaches a sermon? Would you like to hear to-day of a sermon that Jesus preached?

Where do you think He gave it? Not in a church but up on a mountain, so it is called the "Sermon on the Mount."

One evening, instead of going to bed, Jesus went up on to a mountain and spent the whole night talking to His heavenly Father. Early in the morning His disciples, the twelve men whom He especially loved, came to Him and He told them what He wished them to do. He said they were always to be with Him, to help Him work for God.

As he was talking to them, the people down below, who had been looking for Him, saw Him. They cried out, "There is Jesus! Let us go up to Him."

Jesus first healed all who were ill and then, going up a little higher where He could look into the faces

*Adapted from "In Story Land," ("The Vision of Dante") by kind permission of its author, Elizabeth Harrison.

of all the multitude which had come to hear Him, He began to preach this wonderful sermon. 'Tis very long so I can only give you the beginning to-day. But I will tell you more on other Sundays and when

you are older, I know you will like to read it all from the Bible.

The first words are these: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," which means that the people who are willing to let others

be first, who enjoy praising others rather than being praised themselves are those whom Jesus will reward. Sometimes even little children think they are better than others and have a right to the best things, do they not?

Would you like to hear a beautiful story that a great poet wrote a long, long time ago, which grown people have loved to read ever since and which I think will help you undersand these words of Jesus. 'Twas such a wonderful story that it has helped people to paint beautiful pictures, to carve lovely statues, to compose grand music, to preach great sermons and best of all to live better, nobler lives.

As only older people could understand this story, a kind lady who loves little children rewrote it for them, a little while ago. To-day I can tell you just a little of it, but I hope you will ask your mothers to read it all to you sometime.

It is about a man who lived long, long ago and who had been proud and selfish and had done many wrong things. His name was Dante and he tells the story of himself.

He begins by saying that he wandered a long way from his home and at last had gone to sleep in a great forest. When he awoke he tried to find his way out. Through an opening where the tall trees had not grown quite so thick, he saw in the distance a great mountain, on the top of which the sun was shining brightly.

"Ah!" he thought, "if I can but reach the top of that mountain, I am sure I can see a long way in every direction and can tell just where to go."

So he started toward it but he had not walked far when he saw a large, spotted panther, standing with glaring eyes in his pathway. In great fear he turned into another path, but he soon saw a huge lion coming toward him. Trembling, he tried still another way, but there was a hungry wolf. He fled back into the dark woods, thinking he should never escape from the great forest.

Just at this moment he saw a man coming toward him. The face of the man was beaming with smiles as if he had some good news to tell. Dante ran forward to meet him, crying: "Have mercy on me, whoever you are! See that beast from which I have fled! I am trembling yet with fright."

The man, whose name was Virgil, said: "I have come to help you but I shall have to take you by a very strange and hard path to get out of the forest. It will be very dark and dirty and many unpleasant things will happen to you as we journey, but if you are brave, at last you will see the light and come to the top of a beautiful mountain, called Paradise, from which lovely place you can go home if you wish."

At first Dante was afraid to go with Virgil, but when he heard that Beatrice, whom he loved better than any one else, had come from heaven to ask Virgil to help him, he was so happy that he said he would go.

I have not time to tell you of the terrible journey they had getting out of the forest—you must read about it when you are older—but after walking a long, long way through the darkness, Dante saw

four beautiful stars shining over his head. Oh, how good it was to see their light again!

He found that he and Virgil were on a large island and in the middle of it stood a great mountain which they must climb. As they were looking about them, not knowing exactly which way to turn, they saw an old man with a long white beard. His face was so radiant that it reminded Dante of the stars at which he had been gazing.

The old man told them where to go to begin climbing the mountain but he said that Virgil must first get the grime and dirt off of Dante. You know we cannot very well get into dirty places without having some of the dirt stick to us. He also told them where they could find some rushes to tie up Dante's long cloak, so that he might climb the better. I think it must have been the old man's kindness to the many strangers who came to the island that caused his face to shine like the stars.

As Dante thought of his past life, how he had wandered away from his home, of the gloomy forest, the terrible beasts and then of the long, hard journey and all the dirt which had clung to him, the tears rolled down his cheeks. Virgil stooped and wet his hands with the dew which lay on the grass and with this washed Dante's face, which his tears of sorrow had already made cleaner. He fastened up his long cloak with the rushes, of which the old man had told him, and then he was ready to climb.

As they went up, they saw a great gate in front of them.

"We must pass through that gate," said Virgil, "and before you enter it, I must tell you that there will be some very hard climbing and sometimes you will grow weary and discouraged. But the hardest part will come first and the path will grow easier and easier as you near the top, until, when you reach Paradise, there will be no longer any climbing at all. There you shall see your beloved Beatrice and she will reveal to you a vision of God."

As they came nearer the gate, they saw a wonderful angel in shining garments sitting at the gate, who asked them what they wanted. They told him they wished to go through the gate in order that they might climb the mountain. The angel leaned forward and with the edge of the sword which he held in his hand, he made on Dante's forehead seven letters which stood for the seven things that were wrong inside of his heart. Then the angel took from his side a silver key and a golden key and unlocking the gate with each, he let it swing wide open and our two travellers passed through.

As they walked along the path which wound upward, they saw upon the rocks at their sides wonderfully carved pictures of people who had been good and kind and always thoughtful of others instead of themselves. As Dante looked at them, they seemed to him to be the most marvelous pictures he had ever seen. He thought within his heart, "How beautiful! How beautiful! How I wish I could be like these people!"

Then he turned and looked down on the rocks on which he was treading, and there he saw more carv-

ings upon the stones; but these were of people who thought of nobody but themselves; haughty people, selfish people and idle ones. As Dante gazed upon them, he bowed himself lower and lower, for he thought, "I fear I am more like these people than I am like the others."

He had been a proud and haughty man in the past and now he knew how ugly and selfish that haughtiness was. As he ascended the road, he prayed to God to make him more like the beautiful and gentle people whose pictures he had seen upon the rocks at his side.

He had been walking with his head bowed down; all at once he straightened himself up; he felt as if some great weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He turned to Virgil, saying, "Master from what heavy thing have I been lightened?"

Virgil glanced up at his forehead. Dante put up his hand and felt the letters which the angel had put upon his forehead. There had been seven. There were but six. Virgil smiled and the two passed on.

Now their ears caught the sound of voices singing in sweet tones, "Blessed are the poor in spirit! Blessed are the poor in spirit!"

Then Dante knew that other souls, too, had prayed to God to take pride and haughtiness and selfishness out of their hearts.

As they went up, many other wonderful things happened to them and, one by one, all those terrible letters were taken from Dante's forehead. The climbing grew easier and easier, as Virgil had said it would, and at last they reached the spot called

Paradise. Here Dante found his loving Beatrice who took him by the hand and led him up into heaven itself, beyond the clouds, beyond the stars, beyond planets and worlds, even to the foot of the throne of God! Of this I cannot tell you. No words of mine could make you see that glorious vision as Dante then beheld it.

But, children, he could not have had this wonderful vision, unless all pride and haughtiness and selfishness had gone out of his heart and he had become one of the "poor in spirit," whom Jesus said should be blessed. (Suggest that this verse be learned by the children.)

SUBJECT—THE SORROWFUL.

Matthew 5 :4.

PICTURE—CHRIST THE CONSOLER—PLOCKHÖRST.

STORY.

How many of you can say the verse I asked you to learn last Sunday? (Have Matthew 5 :3 repeated by those who know it.) Do you remember who spoke these words? Yes, Jesus. And can you tell me where He was and to whom He was speaking? Yes, on the mountain preaching to the disciples and a great multitude of people.

To-day I want to tell you the next words He said after those you have just learned. They begin with "Blessed," too, which means happy, you know. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "They that mourn," means those who are crying, or who are in trouble, or who feel sorry for something. Doesn't it seem strange to say, "Happy are those who are in trouble?" We think it ought to be "Sad or unhappy are those who are crying," do we not? But Jesus said they were "Blessed" (or happy) "because they should be comforted."

How nice it is to have some one to go to, if we are in trouble. Sometimes a little boy falls and bumps his head, and then perhaps his sister rubs the place

that was struck and kisses it and the little fellow feels better at once. Or he is playing with a knife and cuts his finger and, when he runs crying to mamma, she puts on a little piece of court-plaster

which keeps it from bleeding any more. Then I think she holds her little boy a few moments until he is comforted.

Or perhaps a litle girl breaks her dolly's head. I know how sorry she is, as she loves her dolly very

much. But papa comes in and says: "Don't cry my little girl; let's play papa was a doctor."

Then he gets some glue and mends the head carefully and pretty soon dolly is as good as new, and the dear little girl is happy because papa was her comforter.

Or perhaps some little children are going on a picnic. They have been hoping the day would come quickly for they want so much to go they can hardly wait. But alas! when the day comes, it rains and they must stay at home. They are so disappointed it dosen't seem as if they want to do anything else, but grandma says: "Come up in my room; I have a surprise for you."

They find she has some pipes and some soapsuds in a bowl and they have such fun blowing bubbles. After awhile she has a nice little tea party for them and they have such a happy time they forget all about the picnic. Don't you think dear grandma comforts them nicely?

As Jesus looked into the faces of the people gathered about him on the mountain, He saw so many that looked as if they needed comfort. You know sometimes our faces tell that we are happy and again they tell that we are in trouble. When little children's eyes shine like the sunshine, we can tell how happy they are. "The fathers' and the mothers' faces, too, speak to us. Very often father's face looks strong and brave, as if he were ready to do some hard work; and mother's face tells how much she loves us. So the faces of the people who were with Jesus spoke to Him. There were some

there who, Jesus knew, were very sorrowful. They were sorry for the wrong they had done and they wished that they might be more loving and good."* Others showed that they were in pain and others looked sad and lonely because some friend had left them. As Jesus looked at them, He longed to help them to be good, to relieve their pain and to make them less sad and lonely.

I think He remembered the beautiful words that the Bible had said of Him, long, long before, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," and I know he longed to comfort these poor people and make them glad and happy, just as a dear mother would comfort a little crying child. So He said the sweet words which I want you to learn, "Blessed" (happy) "are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Children dear, Jesus will still comfort us just as he comforted the people on the mountain. Once, when some men were in trouble (they had lost a very dear friend and were so sad) the Bible tells us "they went and told Jesus." We can do that, also, when we are in trouble. Let us just kneel down and tell Jesus all about it and I know he will comfort us and make us happy once more. Will you learn this beautiful verse and say it to me next Sunday?

*From "The Kindergarten Sunday-school," by Frederica Beard.

SUBJECT—THE MERCIFUL.

Matthew 5 :7.

PICTURE—"KISS ME"—HOLMES.

SONG—"MORNING PRAYER,"—first verse.
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 8.*)

STORY.

Do you remember, children, the story I told you of Dante who learned to think less of himself and more of other people? When a little child thinks only of himself, we say he is a selfish child, but when he thinks of others and does kind, thoughtful things for them, we say he is unselfish.

Once I visited a lovely lady who spent all her life in trying to make other people comfortable and happy. She had a pretty summer home right on the edge of a great forest through which many paths had been cut and as she walked in them, she would stoop down and pick up a branch which the wind had blown there, or a stone which might trip some one and throw it out of the way, so the paths would be pleasanter for others.

Jesus loves those who think first of others and when He was on the mountain preaching the sermon of which I told you, He said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This means that those who are kind to people and also to animals

or birds that are in trouble will receive kindness from others.

Would you now like to hear a story which I read once about a little girl who was kind and merciful to

all she met? It is called "The Little Girl's Visit to the King."* I do not know who wrote it.

A long time ago, there lived a king who had a great many beautiful castles in different parts of the

*From "Kindergarten Review."

country, and he used to live a little while in every one, so that he could see all his people and give them the chance to tell him all their troubles; then he would help them, whenever he could. One of his castles was in a beautiful country with many great trees which had been there for years and years and years. A clear, beautiful lake stretched back of the castle grounds, glistening and sparkling when the sun shone upon it; and lovely flowers bloomed everywhere, while birds sang sweetly in the trees and hopped through the grass. One day word was received that the king was coming there to visit his castle, and an invitation was sent to all the people, far and near, to come and ask this kind king for whatever they might need.

On the other side of the forest from this castle, there lived a man and his wife, and their little girl, the only child they had. The father worked very hard all day, chopping wood out in the forest, yet he could scarcely keep the roof over their heads and get food enough for them to live on. The poor mother had been sick all summer, and the little girl (a very little girl she was, too!) had to do all the work about the house, to cook all that they had to eat, and to take care of her sick mother. The weather was getting very cold and they had little to eat, and the mother seemed to be getting worse each day instead of better; so the little girl felt very sad and sorrowful. When she heard that the king was so near, she wished that she could go and ask him to make her mother well and to give them plenty to eat.

Just as she was thinking about this, she saw that her mother was sound asleep, so she opened the door softly and started through the forest. As she was hurrying along, she heard something crying, "Peep, peep!" and looking around, she saw a little brown bird lying in the road, with one of its wings bent under it.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl, picking it up.

"Just rub my wing a little; I think it will be well then," said the bird. And, sure enough, as soon as the little girl rubbed the wing a little, it was well.

"Where are you going, little girl?" asked the bird.

"I am going to see the king. Would you like to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Certainly; I shall be delighted to go with you," said the little bird.

So the bird flew along, talking to her, until, as they walked on, they heard something say, "Meow, meow!" and there lay a little white cat on the ground, with one of its paws caught in a trap.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl.

"Just open this trap and I can run all right," said the cat.

So the little girl stooped down and opened the trap, and the cat jumped up and could walk as well as ever.

"Where are you going?" asked the cat.

"I am going to the king. Would you like to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Certainly I shall be delighted to go with you," said the cat.

So the little girl and the bird and the cat went on their way to the king. The cat talked, and the bird talked, and the little girl talked, and they walked and walked until they were almost to the forest, when they heard something say, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" and looking around, they saw a little black dog lying on the ground. A big branch of a tree had fallen down on his foot, as he was lying there asleep.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl.

"Just pull this branch off, and I can run along all right," answered the little dog.

So the little girl pulled the branch off, and the dog jumped up and was well again.

"Where are you going?" asked the dog.

"I am going to the king. Would you like to go along?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted to go with you," replied the dog.

So the dog and the cat and the bird all went with the little girl to see the king.

When they came to the end of the forest, they saw the top of the castle rising above the trees; and so many, many people were crowding around that the little girl began to be afraid that she would not be able to get close to the king.

As she was talking about this, the cat said: "You helped me once, so now I will help you. I will run around, and the people will move aside, because they will not want to step on me. As they move around, you stay close to me and slip through the crowd."

Then the dog said: "You helped me once, so now I will help you. After we get near to the king, I will bark so loudly that he will have to stop talking, and then he will look around to see what is the matter."

Then up spoke the little bird: "Once you helped me, so now I will help you. When the dog has barked, I will fly around the king's head and sing, 'Look behind you! Look behind you!' And when he looks he will find you."

So the cat began to run around among the people, and as they moved to give the cat a little room, the dog and the bird and the little girl slipped in and followed the cat. But, sure enough, when they came to where the king was sitting, there were so many people talking that the king could not hear the little girl's voice at all. Then the dog began to bark, as he had promised; and he barked and barked so loudly that the people and the king could not hear each other, and had to stop talking. Just as they stopped, the little bird began to fly around the king's head and sing, "Look behind you! Look behind you!" And the king was so astonished to hear the bird talking that he looked around and saw the little girl.

"What do you want, little one?" asked the king.

Then the little girl told the king about her sick mother and how little there was to eat at her home, and she asked the king if he could help her.

So the king gave her a bottle of some wonderful medicine that would make her mother better and a bag of gold dollars that the family might never need

to go hungry again, and some beautiful dresses for the little girl herself, and he ordered his beautiful carriage for her to ride home in, that she might not get tired walking back. So the little girl took the cat and the dog and the bird, and rode home.

And as soon as her mother had seen her and had taken some of the medicine she felt better. Before many days she was up and around the house, and was soon well and strong.

The next day the king sent for the little girl's father and gave him plenty of well-paid work to do in the king's own forest; so that the family never suffered want again.

Before long, they built a nice, new house, and when they moved into it they took the cat and the dog and the bird with them, and these good creatures had happy times all day long in the beautiful garden which belonged to the new house.

In the picture you can see the little girl and her playfellows, one of them the little dog which went with her to the king.

SUBJECT—THE PURE IN HEART.

Matthew 5 :8.

PICTURE—SIR GALAHAD—WATTS.

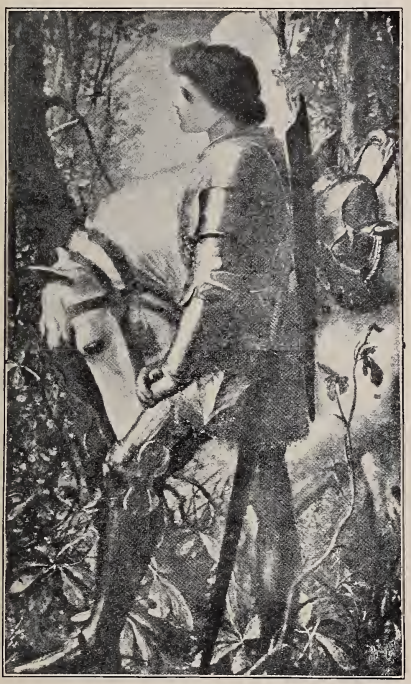
SONG—"MORNING PRAYER," second verse.
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 8.*)

STORY.

We have been talking, children, of the wonderful sermon, which Christ preached on the mountain. Can you tell me the "Blessed" verses we have already had? (Review those that have been committed.) To-day would you like one more of these verses, which Christ gave to that listening multitude? It is, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I have a beautiful story to tell you which I think will help you understand what these words mean. 'Tis one which people have loved to hear for hundreds of years, just as they did Dante's story.

Many, many years ago there was a great and good king, whose name was Arthur. I wish you might have seen the beautiful palace in which he lived. On the outside were many wonderfully carved statues and on the top a large figure of the king with golden crown and golden wings. At evening, when the sun was setting, the crown and wings would flash like fire so people could see them for many miles, and then they would say: "We have a great king who cares for us and will protect us."

Inside the palace was an immense hall which had twelve windows with wonderful pictures painted on the glass. In this hall was a great table, so large that one hundred and fifty men could sit



about it. It was called "The Round Table," and the men who lived with Arthur were called his knights. Only very brave men could be knights, and they spent their time in working for others and in keeping all harm away from the weak and helpless.

In those days people believed that there was a wonderful cup, called the "Holy Grail," which would make a man well, if he were ill, and do other marvellous things. But only those who had lived pure, noble lives could see it.

Now I want to tell you of a little baby who was born not far from Arthur's palace. As a sweet woman was holding him one day, an angel brought this cup for him to see, and he stretched out his little hands toward it. This baby's name was Galahad, and when he became a young man, he went to king Arthur and asked to be one of his knights. He was younger than any of the others, but he looked so strong and brave that the king told him to kneel and he would make him a knight. Then he asked him to promise to be always brave and gentle, pure, loving and obedient. Galahad promised, and then the king touched his shoulder with his sword, and said: "Rise, Sir Galahad; God make thee as good as thou art beautiful."

He was dressed all in white and was given a suit of silver armor, that means a tall helmet, or hat, and a coat made of steel. He had steel shoes, also, and steel gloves, which were so strong that nothing could hurt them.

At the great Round Table in Arthur's palace was one seat that no one had ever sat upon, because the king had been told that he must save it for the knight who should be the bravest and best of all. King Arthur felt sure Galahad would be his best knight, so he let him take this seat.

One day a poor girl who was in trouble had asked the king to help her, and so he and some of his knights had ridden away to give her assistance.

While the other knights sat at dinner, a great storm arose; the thunder pealed and crashed, and the lightning flashed and blazed. Suddenly a beam of light shot through the great hall, and in it the wonderful cup, covered over with a red cloth, appeared for a moment and then vanished. The knights rose to their feet, blinded by the bright light. As the cup had been covered, they could not see it as they longed to do. They said, therefore, that they would start out and search the whole world over until they found it. When the king came back, he was sorry his knights had made this promise, for he did not wish them to go away from him, but he knew they must keep their word. I wish you might have seen them, children, as they rode away on their beautiful horses. Their armor flashed and gleamed, and they looked so strong and brave. The king and queen were very sad and so were all the others, when they bade them good-bye.

The knights had many strange things happen to them, as they searched for the wonderful cup, but I have only time to tell you of Sir Galahad.

He went first to a lovely woman, who had seen the cup. She was sweet and pure and had such beautiful eyes that you could tell just by looking into them how good she was. She told Galahad, that one night she was awakened by sweet music, which seemed to come from a silver horn. As she knelt down, there streamed into her room a bright

light, and in it she saw the Holy Grail. 'Twas a lovely rose-color, so brilliant that a rosy light was thrown from it upon the white walls of her room. When Galahad heard of this vision that had come to her, his eyes became as beautiful as hers, filled with a pure, holy light. She bound about his waist a strong belt for his sword, which she had made out of her own hair, and said that he must not only be king Arthur's knight but hers, also, as he searched for the wonderful cup.

Galahad started on his journey, and soon he heard of some fair ladies, whom seven wicked men had shut up in a castle. Galahad rode as fast as he could, and when he reached the castle, he drove all the bad men away. Then he sent for some good men, who should take care of these ladies.

At another time, some wicked men attacked a friend of Galahad's and tried to kill him. Galahad heard them fighting, and he rode quickly to help him. He pulled out his sword, knocked one man from his horse, struck others, also, and at last drove them all away.

The next day he found an old man who had not been treated kindly. Some cruel men had put him in prison and left him to suffer. Galahad opened the prison doors, took the old man in his arms and cared for him as lovingly as if he had been his own father.

Once when he knew that one of his friends must go to a dangerous place where he might be hurt, Galahad went into a little church and prayed all

night to God to take care of him and keep him from danger.

I wish I had time to tell you, children, of all the loving, helpful things Galahad did for others. Do you know why he could always drive away the wicked people? It was because he had such a pure heart. He had never done an unkind act nor spoken a cross, bad word nor even had a selfish, naughty thought. Would you like me to tell you a little verse which he could say?

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure;"

that means he could do as much as ten men, because he had such a pure heart.

The story tells us, children, that Galahad often saw this wonderful cup, which the knights started out to find, and after awhile he went up to heaven to be with God.

I am sure he was one of the blessed of whom Jesus told, when He said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

SUBJECT—THE PEACEMAKERS.

Matthew 5 :9.

PICTURE—GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL—
BOUGUEREAU.

SONG—"GOD SENDS HIS BRIGHT SPRING SUN," second verse.
(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 1.*)

STORY.

To-day, children, I wish to give you the last of the "Blessed" verses which we shall have. There are others that I think you will understand better when you are older and I hope you will learn them then. The one we shall have now is so beautiful. It is "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." I wonder if you know who peacemakers are? I think I will tell you a little story to help you understand this word.

Once upon a time, a great many years ago, there was a pretty little cottage out in the country. There were lovely vines growing over the porch and bright flowers blossoming in the garden. In the little cottage lived a sweet woman and her husband and they wanted just one thing to make them perfectly happy. Can you guess what that was? Yes, they longed for a little child.

At last God sent them a little baby girl, and it seemed as if the sun had never shone so brightly nor the birds sung so sweetly as on that happy day.

The papa and mamma decided to call their little daughter, Gladys, to show how glad she had made them by coming from heaven to stay in their home. It was such a delight to them to watch her cunning

baby ways. She laughed and crowed and was just the happiest little child one could find. As she grew older, it seemed to her mamma and papa that she became sweeter and dearer every day.

She loved the flowers and used to help her mamma care for them by bringing water for the thirsty ones and picking off the withered leaves and blossoms. Such pretty plays as she had with them! The petunias made such nice dollies; she would put one over another, so they seemed to have different bright colored petticoats and the stem, turned upside down, made the head. Then she made long chains of dandelions or daisies, and wreaths of leaves.

She liked to sew the leaves, also, and make pretty pictures. She would put one down on a card, draw carefully around its edge, then prick this line and sew it with bright green worsted. Afterwards, she would color the inside with a green pencil or with green chalk.

When the seeds of the lady's-slippers were ripe, she loved to pop them, as they sounded just like torpedoes. Her mamma told her that these flowers were called "Touch-me-nots," when she was a little girl, because they popped when touched.

When Gladys was tired of play, mamma would tell her stories and oh, how she loved to hear them! On Sunday they would be from the Bible and after she had heard them, she would often learn a little verse to say to papa.

One day, mamma gave her the verse we have today, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"Who are peacemakers, Mamma," asked Gladys.

"They are those who make peace, dear," said mamma, "and peace means quiet and happiness. If a little child should see two others quarrelling and

should try to stop them and get them to be kind to each other, she would be a peacemaker. But a peacemaker isn't only one who stops quarrels; I think it means, also, one who tries to make every one feel comfortable and happy,"

As Gladys learned the little verse, she kept thinking, "I'd like to be a little peacemaker."

The next week some of her mother's friends came to make a visit and they brought their two little girls with them. Gladys was glad to have some playmates and the three children had happy times together.

One day, Gladys had gone on an errand for her mother and when she returned, she heard screams from the play room. She ran to the door and there she saw Katie and Dora holding on to a dolly and each trying to pull it away from the other.

"It's mine," said Katie, "Uncle Fred gave it to me."

" He did *not,*" said Dora, "he gave it to *me* and you shan't have it!"

Just then Katie gave a big jerk, the poor dolly's arm came off, and over fell both little girls on the floor!

Gladys ran in and said, "Oh, what is the matter?"

The little girls sobbed out that their Uncle Fred had given them both dollies and each was sure this was hers.

Gladys said: "Why let's hunt for the other one, it must be near, as I'm sure I saw two this morning."

They began to look and soon the missing doll was found under the bed. Then Gladys got a needle and as she was older than her little friends and had

learned to sew quite nicely, she sewed the dolly's arm on very firmly. The little girls were soon happy again with their two dollies.

A few days after this, as Gladys was coming home from school, she saw a little brother and sister just in front of her. The little girl was crying and saying: "I tan't run so fast, I's tired."

The brother was trying to pull her along, for it was cold and he wanted to get home. Gladys happened to have some candy, so she ran up and said, "Wouldn't you like some of my candy?"

The children stopped and took some eagerly. Then Gladys said, "Why your little sister's mittens are off and her hands are so cold!" She warmed the little hands in hers, for a moment, drew on the mittens, and then she said, "Now give brother one hand and me the other and see how fast we can run."

The little girl laughed and ran along quite merrily, and very soon their home was reached.

One day, at school, one of Gladys' friends couldn't learn her lesson. She became very cross and when Gladys spoke to her, she answered in a fretful, ugly way. Gladys was about to say "How cross you are! I won't play with you any more."

But she remembered just in time that a little peacemaker wouldn't speak in that way, so she said, instead: "What is the matter? Can I help you?"

Her little friend answered: "I'm sorry I was so cross, but I can't do this sum."

Gladys sat down by her and they soon worked it out together.

That afternoon, when Gladys reached home, mamma said: "I've just heard that Aunt Lucy is ill, dear. Wouldn't you like to take some things to her?"

"Yes, indeed," said Gladys.

Mamma packed a basket with some jelly and fruit and then put in a bottle of grape juice. Gladys, also, took a book of pictures to show her little baby cousin.

"Tell Aunt Lucy I'll come over soon," said mamma.

Gladys ran quickly to her aunt's home and there she found the nurse so busy that the baby had been left alone. He was crying, when Gladys came in, but after she had given the things to her aunt, she showed him the pictures and played with him till he was as happy as a bird.

After awhile mamma came and Aunt Lucy said to her, "What a dear little blessing Gladys is!"

"Yes," replied mamma, "I call her my little peace-maker, for she makes peace wherever she goes. No one can quarrel or be unhappy, when she is with them."

SUBJECT—"YE ARE THE LIGHT."

Matthew 5 :14-16.

PICTURE—A LITTLE LIGHT.

SONG—"JESUS BIDS US SHINE."
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 52.*)

STORY.

Once upon a time, children, there was a large house, surrounded by beautiful grounds, on a quiet street in a little country town. Flowers blossomed in the garden, tall apple trees, with bright red apples, stood in the orchard, while from the wide porch one could look across to the distant hills.

Upstairs was such a pretty room which I wish you might have seen. Delicate pink paper was on the walls and many pictures hung there. On the dresser was a little pink candle, standing in a candlestick that looked like a pink rose.

One day when every one had left the room, what do you think happened? Why suddenly the sweetest music was heard. It seemed to come from the organ in one of the pictures, where a lovely woman, whose name was Cecilia, sat playing. Then more and more music filled the room. Some angels, who were also in the picture, began playing on harps and violins, while Cecilia sang such a beautiful song. In another picture a boat began to glide slowly over the water,

while the sailor's voices rang out as they called to one another. Then a dear little baby girl jumped out from her frame on the table and running over to the dresser, began talking to the little "Dutch Baby,"

who stood there. They each took a bite of the apple the little "Dutch Baby" had been holding and oh, how good it tasted! Then they ran about the room, picking flowers from other pictures and having a happy play.

Just here the electric lights, which hung over the dresser, began to speak, and what do you suppose they said? They called to the pretty lamp that stood on the table: "Don't you wish you were as bright as we are? Why, when we are lit, we make the whole room as light as day."

The lamp replied: "Well, some people prefer my light; 'tis softer and not so dazzling as yours and 'tis very pleasant when one wishes to read."

Just here the little candle spoke, "I, too, can give a pretty light."

But both the electric lights and the lamp began to laugh very rudely. "You give a light!" they cried. "Why you are so tiny no one could see you and you wouldn't do a bit of good."

The little candle replied: "You need not laugh: even little people can often help and I am always ready to be used."

That night the dear mother, who slept in that room, heard her little child cough. She was troubled and thought some medicine would help her. So she arose and turned the button to light the electric lights, but—no light came. The wires were out of order and the little globes stayed dark. Then the mother thought of the lamp and she struck a match and tried to light it but the flame appeared for only a moment and then went out. The maid had forgotten to put any oil in, so it wouldn't burn.

The mother was so troubled for she knew she couldn't find the medicine in the dark. Just then she remembered the little candle and striking another match, she lit it. It was so glad to be of use and

though its flame was tiny, it was quite big enough to show the mother where the medicine was, which she wished to give to her dear little girl. She bent over and kissed her and tucked her up warmly. Then, as she blew out the candle, she said: "I'm so glad, little friend, that you didn't fail me like the electricity and lamp, for I couldn't then have given my darling the medicine which I know will stop her cough."

After Jesus had given the people the beautiful "Blessed" verses, which we have been learning, He told them that he wished them to be like the light. He said: "Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel (that is under something that would hide it). Instead they place it on a candle-stick where it will give light to all that are in the house."

He wished us, also, to give light which would help others to love Him. The light scatters the darkness, does it not? When people are troubled or sad, it seems as if everything was dark about them and then they love to have bright, happy people come to cheer them.

Now would you like to learn a song about a little candle?

"Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night;
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

"Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him,
Well He sees and knows it
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Are we not glad to know that we can shine for Jesus and can make Him happy, when we are bright and helpful like the little candle?

"Jesus bids us shine
Then, for all around;
For many kinds of darkness,
In the world are found,
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Will you try to be like a little candle this week, children, and drive away all sadness and sorrow? When dear mamma is troubled, I'm sure if you put your little arms about her and tell her how much you love her, she will forget she is tired and sad. I shall want you to tell me next Sunday of the loving things you have done to bring the light to those about you.

SUBJECT—THE BIRDS.

Matthew 6:26; 10:29, 31. (*R. V.*)

PICTURE—SPARROWS—LAUX.

SONG—"THE BIRDS' NEST."
(*From "Songs of the Child World," page 10.*)

STORY.

How can we tell that spring has come, children? Yes, the grass is getting green, the leaves are coming on trees and bushes and the flowers are beginning to blossom. What flowers have you seen? Dandelions, hepaticas, violets, hyacinths, tulips and others. Isn't it lovely to see them all again after their winter's sleep?

But what else tells us that spring is here? Why, yes, the birds. What happy little friends they are, with their bright colored dresses and their sweet voices filling the air with music. Let us talk of the birds to-day and see how many things you have noticed about them.

Can you tell me what they have that you have, also? Yes, eyes, and these are so bright that they see much farther than we can. When the gulls fly high over the steamers, they can see the little pieces of bread which people throw down to them, even in the foaming water. Little insects, so tiny we should not notice them, seem very big to a robin. Birdies

have ears, too, though you could not easily find them, as they are under their feathers, but they can hear very plainly. (Draw out other points of resemblance—bodies, mouths, feet, etc.)

Now tell me what the birds have that is different from anything of yours? Yes, their clothes are different. Instead of wearing coats and trousers like the boys or dresses like the girls, they are clothed in feathers. What color are the robin's feathers; the

bluebird's; the oriole's? Where do they get them,—do their mammas make them, or do they buy them at a store? No, God gives them their pretty clothing and they have no trouble about it.

What do they have to eat; oatmeal, beefsteak, vegetables, cake and ice cream? I'm afraid birdies wouldn't like all these things as you do. No, they eat instead insects, worms and other tiny creatures which destroy the plants, spoil the wheat and corn and kill the trees, so they do a great deal to keep the world beautiful for us to enjoy. They like bread, too, and in winter when it is so hard for them to find food, I think it would be very nice if you would remember to give them some crumbs every day.

Can you tell me where they live? Yes, in nests. Have their homes many rooms; bedrooms, a parlor, dining-room and kitchen? Oh no, they do not need all these, because they do not have to cook their food; they catch and eat it as they fly or as they sit on the bushes or trees. They sleep, too, on the branches, so their little home needs to be only a cradle for the eggs and later for the cunning little baby birds. But how hard the father and mother work to build their nests! Can you tell me of some of them. (Draw from the children the material used.)

How many have seen a robin's nest? You know it is made of twigs and leaves all joined tightly together and then plastered like our houses. But instead of being white like ours, their plaster is gray, made of what do you suppose? Mud, which the

robin brings and makes hard and smooth by pressing her breast against it.

The robins must have this mud and one time one of them could not find any, for no rain had fallen and everything was very dry. There were no streams near and the birdie did not know what to do. But at last she thought of a way to get some mud and what do you think it was? "She went to a bathing-dish that some people kept filled with water for the birds, jumped into it and got her legs very wet. Then she flew to the road and hopped around in the dust and dirt. In a short time her legs had a good coating of mud, which she carefully picked off with her bill and took to the nest she was building. This she did many times until she had as much mud as she needed."*

The robins line their nests inside with grass, which makes a soft bed for the birdlings, and they hang it high in a crotch or branch of a tree, tuck it into a grapevine or put it in some other safe place.

Birds are glad of our help in building their nests, as they use pieces of string, bright worsted and other things we chance to drop. Once a friend of mine was cutting out some embroidery and left the little edge she did not want on the porch. Down flew a bird and carried this long strip away. He wound it in and out of his nest and back and forth from the branches to the nest, where it hung and waved all summer.

*This incident is given in "The First Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller.

You know that the birdies fly south in the winter to a warm country where they can find insects and other food. Which of them come back to us first in the spring? Yes, the robins and bluebirds. I wonder if you know the little song about the bluebird:

"I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
'Daffodils! daffodils! say do you hear?
Summer is coming and springtime is here!' "*

There's another sweet little song about our little robin friend, too, which I'll sing you:

"Baby, what does the robin say,
Do you hear his evening song?
He sits and sings his twilight lay,
With a heart all merry and strong.
He sings: 'Good-night, my baby dear,
Sleep well, sleep soft, and do not fear;
For somehow I know as I sit and sing,
That God takes care of everything.' "†

As soon as the birdies come, they set quickly to work to build their nests, and 'tis such fun to watch them flying about with bits of straw, grass or twigs. Once I saw some wrens who built their tiny home

*From "Songs and Games for Little Ones," page 29.
†From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 38.

under the roof of a porch. They made it of moss and lined it with soft feathers.

Then Jennie, the little mother, laid her eggs and while she sat on them, Johnny brought her food and sang such a loud, sweet song to cheer her. When the baby birds came, both father and mother had to be so busy, for there were many hungry little mouths to be filled. Back and forth they flew, bringing insects and worms. Jennie did not make quite so many trips as Johnny, for she usually took the food he brought and fed it to the birdlings while he hurried off for more. I could hear the excited cries of the little ones, as the food was given to them, and it seemed as if they said, "Goody, goody, goody!" and clapped their hands for joy.

Later, when they were big enough to leave the nest, they used the porch as a nursery and the parents taught them to fly from chair to chair, without being at all afraid of the people who sat there.

I wish I had time to tell you many other stories about the birds, but you must watch them for yourselves.

Jesus always loved these little creatures and in His great sermon on the mountain, He said: "Behold the birds of the heaven that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?" That means, though the birds sow no seed like the farmer, nor cut down the grain and put it in barns, yet God loves them and shows them where to get their food. If He cares for these tiny creatures, He will care for us, also, and give us

food, so we must trust Him and never feel worried nor troubled.

At another time Jesus said that as God watched each little sparrow, noticing if any harm came to it, so he would keep all danger from us. In the picture you see the sparrows God loves having happy times in a big tree, where some kind people have put up a bird-house for them.

Now I know you would like to learn a pretty song about a bird's nest. I think that the mother bird, of whom it tells, is a dear little thrush, such a gentle, loving mother, and I hope some day you may hear the sweet lullabies she sings at evening to her little ones. These thrush babies are so innocent and trustful that I don't wonder their mother loves them so dearly.

Now shall we learn the song:

"There's a wee little nest in the old oak tree,
Safe and high, safe and high."

SUBJECT—RUTH'S EASTER LILY.

Matthew 6:28-34.

PICTURE—LILIES.

SONG—"EASTER SONG."

(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 17; also in "Childhood Songs," page 84.*)

STORY.

What did we talk about last Sunday, children? Yes, the birds. You remember that Jesus loved them and spoke about them. He said that though they could not sow seed like the farmer, nor gather the grain into barns for their winter food, yet God cared for them and would not let them suffer. If He was so thoughtful of the birds, He would love and care for us, also, as we are much dearer to Him than are they.

Perhaps He had been watching the birds, as He spoke, and then I think he looked down and there at his feet were growing some lovely lilies.

"See how these lilies grow," He said, "they do not have to work, and yet they are dressed more beautifully than even a great king. If God gives them clothes, don't you think he will take care of you, also, whom He so loves? Don't be worried nor troubled: your heavenly Father knows that you need food and clothing and He will give them to you. Just love Him and try to please Him in all you do."

What day is this, children? Yes, Easter. And what flowers trim our church and our kindergarten room to-day? Yes, the lilies of which Jesus spoke. Would you like to hear a story about one of them?

Once upon a time in a big city there lived a little girl, whose name was Ruth. Her papa had gone to be with the dear heavenly Father and her mamma was so poor that she had to work hard all day to get food and clothes for herself and her little girl.

Little Ruth was often alone and, children, she couldn't run about and play as other little girls do. When she was a baby she had a fall that hurt her back, so she could never walk. She had to sit in a chair all day and she used to get pretty tired and lonely, as she had no one with whom to play.

Her mamma would put books and pictures and little toys where she could reach them, and at noon a kind neighbor would come in and prepare her lunch, if mamma had to be away all day. She sat at the window, as she loved to watch the people passing by. The children would wave their hands and smile at her and the mothers would feel so sorry when they saw her little pale face that they would try to do something for her.

One of these kind mothers went to sew for a lady who was very rich and lived in a beautiful home, a little way out of the city. As she was sewing there one day the lady's little girl, Antoinette, ran into the room and said: "Oh, Mrs. Burns, I'm tired of playing, won't you tell me a story?"

"Would you like to hear of a little girl I know, who is about your age?" asked Mrs. Burns.

"Yes indeed," said Antoinette, as she sat down in a little chair.

Then while Mrs. Burns sewed, she told all about poor little Ruth who had to sit still all the time and was often quite alone the whole long day. Antoinette was very sorry for the poor little girl and she ran and told her mother about her.

"Can't I do something for her, Mamma?" she asked.

"I will see, dear," replied her mother; "I'd like you to help her if you can."

The next afternoon Antoinette's mother drove to Ruth's home and found her playing alone in her little chair by the window, as Mrs. Burns had said. She stayed with her quite awhile and a few days afterward, she took Antoinette to see her. Oh, how glad Ruth was to have such kind visitors!

Antoinette brought her some new books, a lovely dolly and some flowers. She gave her a little paper bundle, also, which she told her to open. Ruth untied the string, unwrapped the paper, and then she was a little disappointed, for there was only a queer little brown thing inside, that was hard and round and not one bit pretty.

She didn't know what to do with it, but Antoinette said, "'Tis a lily bulb, Ruth, and I thought you would like to watch it grow."

She and her mamma helped Ruth plant it in a pot they had brought and then they covered it over with soft, black earth. Then they put some straw on top to keep it dark.

"After two weeks," said mamma, "you can take away the straw and then I think you will find something in the pot."

It was hard for Ruth to wait all this time, but at last the two weeks passed and when she took away the straw, she found a little green shoot.

"That is your lily beginning to grow," said Antoinette's mamma, who was again visiting her. "It is now November and when Easter comes, away in the spring, there will be lovely white blossoms on

your plant. You must water it every other day and give it plenty of sunshine to help it grow."

Ruth could get the water and care for it herself, as she could now go about her room. She couldn't walk, but Antoinette and her mamma had sent her such a comfortable chair, in which she could wheel all around. It was so nice not to have to stay just in one place.

She had many playthings, too, which they had brought her, but best of all she loved her little plant. Day by day the stalk grew taller and around it came long, slender, dark green leaves. Ruth never tired of watching it and when spring came, she saw one day something besides the leaves upon it. What do you think it was? Blossoms? Not yet,—just buds. But these grew larger and larger and whiter and whiter until at last one of them opened into an exquisite blossom. The sunshine had turned its heart to gold and the white petals glistened and shone, while such a delicious fragrance filled the room.

Antoinette had told Ruth a great deal about the beautiful Easter Sunday, which was soon coming, when the church would be trimmed with lilies and such lovely songs would be sung. When the blossoms opened, Ruth thought, "Oh, I'd like my lily to go to church on Easter!"

The next time Antoinette and her mother came, Ruth showed them her beautiful lily, which now had five snowy blossoms and two buds.

"Won't you take it to Sunday School to-morrow, Antoinette," she asked, "so all the children can see it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Antoinette, "mamma and I will drive here on our way to church and carry it with us."

The next day when the little children came to the Sunday School Kindergarten, their teacher asked Antoinette's mamma to tell them about the little sick girl who had watched the lily so many weeks and when it blossomed, had wished to send it for them to enjoy. The children looked with eager interest at the beautiful, fragrant blossoms, which were now all open, and as they sang

"The pure, white lily raised its cup,
At happy Easter time,"

they were all glad that dear little Ruth had shared her treasure with them.

SUBJECT—"JUDGE NOT."

Matthew 7 :1.

PICTURE—"ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH"—FAED.

SONG—"HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD."

(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 1, page 6.*)

STORY.

For many Sundays, children, we have been talking of the great sermon that Jesus preached to the people on the mountain. To-day I want you to learn seven words that He said to them. Can you say them after me? "Judge not, that ye be not judged." I think you do not know what judge means, so I'll tell you a story which perhaps will help you to understand these words of Jesus.

There was once a little boy named Max who lived in a small house in a big city. He had many brothers and sisters and they all had happy times playing together. Max was in most ways a very dear little fellow, but he had one fault and see if you can guess what it was, when I tell you a little more about him.

He went to Kindergarten one morning and as the children were playing, before the piano told them to go to the circle, one of them threw a ball to Max. He didn't catch it and it hit the glass of the window. Max at once ran to his teacher and

said, "Miss White, Tommy threw a ball and it hit the window."

Tommy said, "Well, Max didn't catch it or it wouldn't have gone so far."

A little later, after the quiet music, the children closed their eyes to pray to God. As soon as the little prayer was over, Max said, "Oh, Miss White, Susie never shut her eyes."

Miss White replied, "How do you know, Max?"

Max answered, "I looked at her and her eyes were wide open."

"How could you see her if *your* eyes were shut?" asked Miss White. Max hung his head for he just remembered that his eyes, also, had been open.

At the table the children had their blocks to play with. Max started to build a lighthouse. He made it higher and higher when, suddenly—over it went.

"Miss Brown, Miss Brown," said Max, to the teacher who sat at his table, "Jim knocked my lighthouse down."

"I don't think he meant to do it, dear," said Miss Brown, for she knew what a good little boy Jim was.

Later when the children were playing their games, Miss White asked Max to be the father-bird. The little girl who was the mother-bird had waited very patiently until the little birds began to peep and then she and Max flew about getting worms for them. The mother stayed with the little ones a moment or two and Max cried out, "Oh, Miss White, Annie doesn't work a bit, she makes me get all the worms."

Miss White looked around the circle and said: "Children, did you ever hear a bird talk in that way? Why, I thought they only said, 'Peep, peep.'"

Max looked a little ashamed and flew away to find some more worms.

When the children were getting their wraps to go home, Max came running to Miss White and said: "Charley is staying in the dressing-room. He isn't hurrying at all to get his coat."

Miss White said, "Max, just try to be good yourself and don't watch what others are doing."

As soon as he reached home, Max ran to his mother and said: "Oh, Mamma, John hitched coming home and I know you told him not to do it."

Mamma replied: "Tell me what my little boy Max did; John can tell me about himself."

That night, before Max went to bed, he went in to have a little talk with grandma, whom he loved very much. She asked, "Has my little grandson had a happy day?"

"No, Grandma, it was horrid," Max replied, "the children didn't choose me for the games at Kindergarten and I don't think they like me at all."

"Well, Max dear," said Grandma, "shall I tell you what I think is the trouble? Did you tell your teacher of naughty things the children were doing?"

Max thought a moment, as you see him doing in the picture, and then he said, "Yes, Grandma, I did."

Grandma asked: "Would you like them to tell about you, dear? I want you to learn a little verse, some words of Jesus."

Then, children, she gave Max the verse we have to-day, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"That means," said Grandma, "do not watch to see what wrong things others are doing, or think how naughty they are, for, if you do, they will notice your faults and speak of them."

Max kissed Grandma good-night and said, "I *will* try to-morrow, Grandma dear, just to be good myself."

SUBJECT—THE GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew 7 :12. (*R. V.*)

PICTURE—CHILD'S HEAD—VÖGEL.

STORY.

Children, how many of you have seen a carpenter's rule? Can you tell me what he does with it? Yes, he measures things. He can tell just how long or how wide to make a board with his rule, or just how high a door or window should be. This rule helps him to make everything exactly right.

In the beautiful sermon which Jesus preached to the people on the mountain, He gave them a rule, not one made of wood like the carpenter's, to help them make *things* right, but a rule of words that would help them live as God wished them to do. We call it the "Golden Rule," and I wonder if you can learn it. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." That means if you would like other people to be kind and loving to you, you must be loving and kind to them.

Would you like me to tell you of a little boy who learned what this verse meant? His name was Laurence and he had no brothers or sisters. Though his dear mother and father did everything they could for him, he was often lonely as no children lived near him and he used to wish for a little playmate.

When he was five years old, his father went to live near some great mountains which Laurence loved to watch. Some days the clouds would lie over them so he could not see their tops, but on clear days he

could see the snow lying on the summits. They seemed like great friends looking down upon him and saying: "Never be afraid, little Laurence, we are so strong that we will protect you and see that no harm comes to you."

The mountains were all named and as Laurence ran out of doors, he would look up and call, "Good morning" to them, one by one, "Good morning, old Washington," or, "Good morning, Lafayette." There were many, many others, but these two he loved best of all.

Sometimes his father had to climb some of the smaller mountains and he took Laurence with him. The little fellow loved to go. At first he could only see the trees about him, but as they climbed higher, he could see more and more of the country, until at last such a wonderful view stretched out before him. The great mountains stood up tall and grand all about him, some of them a long way off. The little town near which he lived was far below and the people looked no larger than dolls, while the houses seemed as small as doll houses. The rivers were like tiny ribbons winding through the land and the little lakes, here and there, looked like mirrors of glass.

Laurence made friends with the birds and squirrels and many of the little forest people. They learned to know he would never hurt them, so, when he whistled, the birds would sing their sweetest songs and the squirrels would frisk about, eating nuts from his hand without any fear. Still he wished for a little boy to play with, as his home was far away in the woods and no one lived near.

One morning he ran out to the pretty lake close by his home and he was so happy that he shouted as he ran. Suddenly it seemed to him as if he heard some one shouting back. He listened, but there was

no sound. Then he called "Halloo!" and sure enough some one did answer, "Halloo," in a faint voice as if he were far away. Laurence was so pleased for he thought, "There is another little boy here in the woods."

He was standing right near the lake and on the other side rose a high mountain. He looked all about but could see no one, so he called again, "Who are you?"

But instead of answering, the voice said, "Who are you?"

Laurence thought it strange the other boy didn't answer his question first, but he replied, "I'm Laurence Strong. What's your name?" and the voice called, "What's your name?"

Then Laurence thought the boy was just mocking him and he cried out, "You're a mean boy."

Back came the answer, "You're a mean boy."

The tears of anger came to Laurence's eyes and he shouted, "I just hate you."

"I just hate you," answered the voice.

Laurence ran home to his mother and sobbed out: "Oh, Mamma, I heard some one calling over by the lake and I hoped it was a little boy whom I could play with, but instead it was a horrid, rude boy who called me names."

Mamma smiled, for she guessed what he had heard, and said: "Tell me all about it, Laurence dear."

Then Laurence told how the little boy mocked him, repeating his words.

Mamma said: "Go back again, little son, and talk lovingly and see what your little friend will say."

So Laurence went again and called out, "Halloo there!"

"Halloo there!" said the voice.

"I love you," cried Laurence.

"I love you," said the voice.

"You're a good boy," Laurence called.

"You're a good boy," said the voice.

Back to the house ran Laurence and cried out, "Oh, Mamma, he is a fine little fellow after all! He said he loved me and that I was a good boy."

Mamma replied: "I'm glad, dear, that this time he was so nice to you and I think you will always find that if you are kind and loving, others will be so to you."

SUBJECT—THE TWO BUILDERS.

Matthew 7 :24-27.

PICTURE—THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT—HOFMANN.

SONG—"WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING."
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 103.*)

STORY.

Would you like to hear to-day, children, about the very last part of the great sermon which Jesus preached on the mountain? He finished it by telling a story. 'Tis the only story in the sermon, but I think perhaps Jesus saw that the people, who had been sitting still, listening to His words for so long a time, were a little tired and He knew a story would interest them just as it does you.

I think He looked down from the mountain to the lake that lay below. The water was such a deep, deep blue, except where the sunbeams fell upon it, turning it into shimmering silver. Jesus thought of the people who spent their lives at work upon the lake. What do we call them? Yes, fishermen, and He told this story about them:

There were once two fishermen who each decided to build a house. One wanted to make his work easy and he thought: "It will be less trouble to build on the sand than on a rock. Then, if 'tis near

the shore, I can get to it quickly when I come home with my fish."

But the other said: "I think I will go up higher to build my house, as I'm afraid it wouldn't be quite

safe to put it here on the sand. I know it will be harder to build it on the rock and then I must climb up there, but I shall be sure it will stand firmly when I have it built."

The two men began their work and the one who had chosen to build upon the sand finished his house some time before the other. He did not have to carry the wood and other things to build with so far and it was easier to dig out the sand for the cellar than to blast the rock.

But at last the other man finished his work. The rock made a strong foundation and the house built there was so firm that nothing could hurt it. When both houses were finished, the two men were so glad to be able to live in them.

All that summer the man whose house was built on the sand said to himself: "I'm glad I don't have to climb way up on that rock with my fish when I come home tired. 'Tis so much easier and nicer to have my house right here on the shore."

But when the bright, warm summer was over, the days began to grow colder and storms often came. One day, as the two men were out fishing, one said: "The sky looks very black, I believe we shall have a great storm."

The other replied, "Yes, I think we'd better be getting home."

When they reached the shore, they fastened their boats securely and went to their different homes.

Soon the rain began to fall, gently at first and then faster and faster, and the wind blew louder and louder. The man, whose house was built on the sand, could not sleep, because the wind shook it so. The windows rattled and the whole house seemed to rock. The great waves came nearer and nearer, rolling in from the lake. The rain was now coming

down in sheets and he feared his poor house wouldn't stand much longer, as the wind was blowing furiously.

At last he started out to go to his friend's house. It was all he could do to climb up to it in such a gale and he was quite wet through when he reached the door. He shouted to his friend, who quickly let him in and took him to a fire where he could get warm and dry. This house even the high wind couldn't shake, because it stood so firmly upon its rock foundation.

In the morning the two men went down to the shore and there was just a heap of ruins where the other house had been, as the wind had blown it all down.

Which man was the wise one, children? Yes, the one who built his house on the rock.

Jesus said, when He finished His story, that if the people remembered to do all He had told them in His sermon; if they thought of others first, were merciful and unselfish, did not judge others and kept the "Golden Rule," they would be like the wise man who built his house upon a rock. But if they forgot what He had said and were proud, cruel and selfish, they would be like the foolish man who built his house on the sand.

I want you to look at the picture and see how eagerly the people are listening to Jesus' words. I think they will try to be like the wise man, don't you?

SUBJECT—THE SABBATH.

Matthew 12:1-8; Mark 2:27.

PICTURE—JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES GOING THROUGH CORNFIELD—DORE.

SONG—"HAPPY HEARTS."

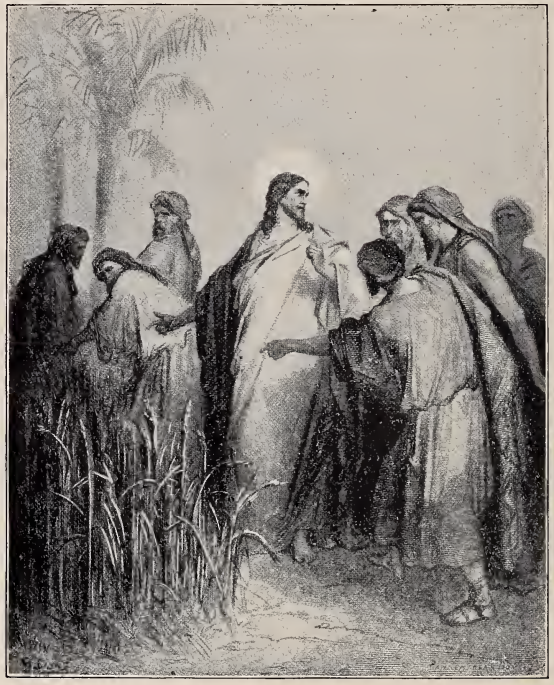
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 14.*)

STORY.

When Jesus was on earth, children, He found that the people were doing very strange and wrong things on Sunday. Even those who thought they were pleasing God were forgetting to be kind on this day. God had told them not to work on Sunday, and so, if they saw a poor man who was hungry, ill or in any kind of trouble, they would not help him because they said this would be working.

Jesus showed them the right way to keep Sunday. He always went to church, which He called His Father's house, and I am sure He loved to go. He used to talk or preach to the people, as Dr. ——— (mention pastor's name) does to us, and if any one came in who was ill, Jesus would cure him. Sometimes friends would bring poor, sick people who couldn't come alone and He would always heal them. I think He wants us to be busy on Sunday, as He was, doing kind, loving things that will make people happy.

One Sunday Jesus and His disciples were walking through the wheat fields on their way home from church. The disciples were hungry as they had had no breakfast that morning, so they began to pick



the kernels of wheat and eat them. Some men came up and said it wasn't right to pick the wheat on Sunday, but Jesus said, if people were hungry, it was always right to get something to eat.

Would you like me to tell you of some little friends of mine who used to love to have Sunday come as they had such happy times on that day? As soon as they were old enough they used to go to church with papa and mamma, if they had been good all through the week. But if they had been cross or naughty, they had to stay at home. They loved to go, so they would try hard to remember to be good.

After church and Sunday School, papa would stay with them while dear mamma rested and oh, what a happy time this was! Papa was busy all through the week and came home just before their bedtime at night, so they didn't see much of him, and it was so nice to have him all to themselves when Sunday came. They would often go with him for a walk, if the day was pleasant, and if they knew of any sick people, they would carry a book, some flowers or a glass of jelly to them.

Sometimes papa would take them to see the little children in the hospital and there he would tell them all such beautiful Bible stories. If it was stormy, papa would play with them at home. The toys they had all through the week were put away Saturday night, but they had other pretty playthings which were kept just for Sunday. The older brother and sister had Bible games which helped them to remember the beautiful Bible stories. The younger children had Noah's arks and it was such fun to make all the animals go into the ark, two by two, so they should not get wet when the rain began to fall. They had blocks, also, with which they could build churches and Sunday School rooms and then they

played that the dollies went to Sunday School and said verses and sang the pretty songs. (Of course the dollies were not put away, for they were the children's children.)

When mamma had rested, she read or told them stories, and then they all sang the sweet songs they learned in Sunday School, while mamma played. As the maids went out on Sunday, the children helped mamma get the tea and this they always liked to do.

In the summer time, also, Sunday was the happiest day of all the week, for papa and mamma would plan such pleasant surprises. If they were near the sea, they would take long walks by the water, watch the great waves come in and pick up pretty stones and shells.

One day when they were in the country, papa took the children for a walk after dinner, but mamma asked the oldest boy, Will, to come back to the cottage at five o'clock. When he returned, she had the supper all packed in baskets and they carried it to the woods where they all had such a pleasant picnic tea.

That night, when bedtime came and mamma tucked the children in bed, they thanked the dear Father in heaven for giving them the beautiful Sunday and they wished they need not wait a whole week for it to come again.

SUBJECT—THE WIDOW'S SON.

Luke 7 :11-16.

PICTURE—RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON—HOFMANN.

STORY.

I want to tell you, children, of one of the most wonderful things that Jesus ever did. You know, some weeks ago, I told you that He was called the Great Physician, or Doctor, because He healed all the sick people who were brought to Him. To-day we will learn that He could do greater things than any other doctor has ever done. But I shall have to begin at the beginning, so you may understand my story.

Not very far from Nazareth, which was Jesus' home for so many years, and from Cana, where He went to the wedding and turned the water into wine, was a little town called Nain. This name means "pleasant," or "beautiful," and the little town was indeed a very pretty place. 'Twas high up on a hill and from it one could look across a plain to a mountain covered with beautiful trees, and to another, still higher, on which the snow always rested. As in Nazareth, there were many lovely flowers to be seen and the air was filled with the song of birds.

Here, in a large and pleasant home, lived a mother and her only son. The father was dead, so all the mother's love was given to her boy. He was a dear

little fellow, always loving and good, and he and his mother had happy days together.

It was such a joy to her to make his little clothes, tell him stories and teach him to read, or watch him

at his play. As he grew older, his mother could hardly let him go to school, as she wanted him near her every moment.

Year by year went by and the dear mother grew old. Now it was the son who cared for *her*. He

remembered all the many loving things she had done for him, all his life, and it was his joy to plan to make her happy. Again and again she would say: "Oh, my boy, how good God is to give you to me! What should I do without you?"

But one day, children, her son came home and said: "Mother, my head aches and I don't feel very well; I think I will lie down and rest awhile."

His mother was much alarmed, for her boy was usually so well and strong and he had never been ill before. When evening came, as he was no better, she sent for the doctor. All night she gave him medicine and took such tender care of him, but he grew worse, hour by hour. He was so patient and even when the pain was hard to bear, he tried not to let his mother know, as he knew she, too, would suffer. Several doctors came and everything was tried that could ease the pain, but nothing made the sick boy better. The poor mother was overcome with grief; she felt she could not lose her only son, whom she loved so tenderly and who was all she had.

But at last he whispered, "Mother dear, you have been so good to me, I'm sorry to leave you. Good-bye," and as she held him close in her arms, she saw the light fade out of his eyes and knew that he was dead.

Children, I cannot tell you of her grief—only mothers know. She could not eat or sleep; she could only week for her lost son and wish that God would take her, also.

Kind friends came in and cared for her. They dressed the boy in his best clothes, cut off his beauti-

ful hair, which men wore long in those days, folded his arms across his breast and put him on a bier, or little bed. Then they carried him away to a "Place of Rest." The poor, weeping mother and some kind women friends walked in front of the bier, while behind came the musicians, who sang and played slow, sad music. After these, followed many, many people, for all those who lived in the little town knew and loved this mother and her son and wished to show how sorry they felt for her.

But now I must leave the sad mother and her friends and tell you what Jesus was doing on this same day. Early in the morning He had left the mountain, where He had been preaching to the multitude, and had started on a long journey. He took first a sail on the lake and then walked still farther south. A great many people were with Him, those whom He had healed and those who had been helped by His words and wanted to hear all He said.

A little after noon, He and His followers were climbing the hill that led to Nain, when they met the sad procession taking the widow's son to the "Place of Rest." Jesus saw the weeping mother and you know how tender His sympathy was and how He always wished to help those who were in trouble. He came close to her and said, "Do not weep." But, children, I think it made her even more sad when she saw Him, because she must have thought: "Oh, if only He had come a little sooner before my boy died, He could have made him well."

Jesus put out His hand and touched the bier and those who were carrying it stood still. Then, bend-

ing over the boy until His warm breath touched the still, cold face, Jesus said: "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

And, children, the boy's eyes opened, slowly he sat up and began to speak. I think the very first word he said must have been, "Mother," as he heard her cry of joy. Jesus put him in her arms and she clasped him close, close to her heart.

The people who saw this wonderful thing happen were filled with astonishment and fear, and fell on their knees and praised and worshipped Jesus. Then they all went back into the town; the mother leaning once more on her dear son's arm, so happy she could not speak. Instead of the weeping and sad music that had been heard so short a time before, there were shouts of joy and glad singing, as the multitude returned to their homes.

Do you not think, children, that the dear mother and her son loved Jesus all their lives and knew that He was indeed their best Friend?

SUBJECT—THE SOWER.

Matthew 13:3-8; 18-23.

PICTURE—PARABLE OF THE SOWER—H. L. ROBERT.

SONG—"SUNBEAM SONG,"—MRS. BLODGETT, first and fourth verses.

(*From Song Leaflets.—Blackmer Music Company, Publishers.*)

STORY.

Would you like to hear to-day, children, one of the beautiful stories which Jesus told?

Once, in the springtime, as He looked over the fields and saw the farmers scattering the seed, He told this story. I want to read you from the Bible the very words He used.

"Behold a sower" (or farmer, as we should call him) "went forth to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side" (that means on the path where the ground was so hard that the seeds couldn't sink into it), "and the birds came and devoured" (or ate) "them; some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith" (or soon) "they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth" (that is, it didn't take long for them to grow in so little earth), "and when the sun was risen, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them" (these thorns were weeds, or prickly bushes, that grew so

fast they took so much of the ground that the poor wheat had very little. They kept the light from the wheat, also, so that it soon died), "but others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit; some

an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." (That means that the farmer, when he cut down the wheat at the harvest time, found it had grown so rapidly in the good ground, that he could get many bushels from it.)

Now, children, when Jesus told a story, He wished not only to interest people, but to help them to be loving and useful. After He had finished this story

of the sower, He explained it to the people. I think you would understand the meaning better if I told another story. Shall I do so?

Once a lady who loved children invited a number of her little friends to a party at her home. They first played some games and then, when they were a little tired, they came close around her while she told them a story. 'Twas about a little boy, whom people called Sunbeam, because he was always doing helpful, loving things. At home, among his playmates and even with strangers, he was just like a sunbeam, driving all darkness away and making every one feel bright and happy. The children were very much interested in the story and all thought they would be like this dear little boy.

One little fellow, named Ben, ran home from the party and told his mother about Sunbeam, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma, I'm going to be just as sweet and good as he was!"

His mamma was pleased and said he would thus make her very happy.

Ben ran out to play, but soon his mother called, "Ben, Ben, 'tis time to go to bed."

"Oh, Mamma, not yet," he cried, "'tis *so* early."

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "the clock says seven, time my dear little son was going to bed."

But, children, what do you think happened! Ben forgot all about Sunbeam and pouted and fretted and was very cross and naughty.

Don't you think his seed, the thought he had of being loving and good, was all eaten up by the bird called, "I forget," so there was none left to grow?

There was a little girl at the party and when she reached home, she, too, told her mother the beautiful story and her plan to be like Sunbeam. Her mother said, "Well, Bessie, I should be very happy to have a little sunbeam in my home."

Bessie remembered her plan longer than Ben. She went to bed pleasantly, when the hour came, and was so good the next morning that she made every one happy. In the afternoon her mamma asked her to do some sewing. She sat down and worked very patiently, putting in neat little stitches. But after awhile, she grew very tired and as she was less careful, she pricked her finger. When she saw the tiny drop of blood, she began to cry and she pulled her thread so hard that it broke. Her mamma came into the room and Bessie said, in such a cross voice: "Oh, Mamma, I just *hate* to sew and I'm not going to try to be good any more, if I have horrid work like this to do."

I wonder if this was the little seed which fell among the stones and though it began to grow, there wasn't earth enough for it to live very long.

There was also a little boy, named Fred, who wanted to be like Sunbeam. He tried to be good even longer than Ben or Bessie, and for some time was very helpful and loving. One day, however, his mother asked him to stay with the baby, while she went on an errand. Fred played with his little sister until she laughed and crowed with delight and after awhile he rocked her to sleep and put her in her crib. Then, as he was staying near her, some boys came along and called to him to come out and

play with them. Fred said he couldn't go, because he must watch the baby. But they laughed at him and called him "nurse," "baby-tender" and "goody-goody," until at last, I'm sorry to say, Fred left the baby all alone and went with them.

Don't you think his seed was choked by the thorns, the naughty boys who persuaded him to do wrong?

A little brother and sister were also at the party and their names were Donald and Daisy. As their mother was putting them to bed, they told her the lovely story and said, "Would you like two sunbeams in the house, Mother dear?"

She told them how happy they would make her if they were like the loving little boy in the story.

And, children, Donald and Daisy really did remember to be like him. Their papa didn't have much money, so their mamma had a great deal of work to do and the children found many ways to help her. Donald brought in the wood for the fire and the water from the pump, for they didn't have water in the house, as we do. Then he and Daisy set the table, washed and wiped the dishes and brushed up the floor.

At school they learned their lessons so well that they made their teacher happy and they were so kind and gentle that the children all loved to play with them. When papa came home at night, tired from his work, they ran to get his slippers and drew an easy chair near the fire where he could rest awhile.

In every way they were so bright and helpful that people began to call them the sunbeams, because they scattered all clouds and darkness like the little boy in the story.

I think this was the seed that fell into good ground and grew so well there was a rich harvest, don't you?

SUBJECT—DIFFERENT KINDS OF FRUIT.

Luke 6:43-45; John 15:4, 5.

PICTURE—GRAPES.

SONG—"MY HEART IS GOD'S LITTLE GARDEN."

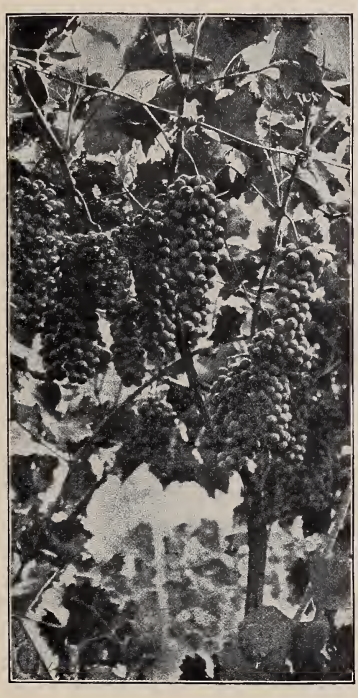
(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 2, page 2.*)

STORY.

Last Sunday, children, we talked of the farmer who sowed his seed. You remember that some of it was eaten by birds, some didn't grow because it hadn't earth enough and some was choked by thorns, but that which fell into good ground grew and bore many bushels of wheat.

To-day would you like to hear of another kind of harvest? In the late summer and fall the farmers cut down the wheat, oats, corn and other grain. Can you tell me what else they bring into their barns or send to market? Yes, all the vegetables with their pretty colors; the orange pumpkins and yellow squashes, the brown potatoes, the red beets, the purple and green cabbages and many, many others. What else can you think of that the farmers gather? Why, yes, all the fruit; the red, green and yellow apples, the peaches with their velvety skin tinted a delicate pink where the sun has shone upon them, the yellow pears and the beautiful clusters of purple and white grapes.

Jesus loved the trees, as He loved everything God had made, and He used often to watch the fruit that hung upon them. Different fruits grew in the coun-



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try where He lived from those we have here; yellow-green figs, golden apricots, with their pale silver leaves, and red pomegranates. He often talked about the fruit which He saw and I'm going to tell

you two short stories to help you understand what He said.

The first story is about two little apple trees which stood side by side in a great orchard. They had just been planted and one of them tried hard to grow. The little roots crept into the ground and travelled about, sucking up food from the earth. Then they sent this food up through the trunk of the tree, out into the branches, then into the little twigs and at last into every little leaf. The rain helped, too, and the bright warm sunshine. Year by year the tree grew larger until at last one spring-time something started to grow beside leaves. What do you think it was? Yes, lovely white blossoms touched with pink, which had such a beautiful fragrance. When summer came these blossoms changed to tiny apples. At first they were hard and green, but the food that the roots sent up helped them to grow and the sun fell upon them so that slowly they grew large and rosy. Had you seen them, you would have longed to have had one to eat.

Meanwhile the other tree said, "I don't believe I'll work so hard." So the little roots didn't travel around for food and only sent a little up through the trunk to the branches and leaves. Of course the branches couldn't grow large, nor did the leaves become a beautiful green. At last a few apples started to grow but they didn't get food enough and so stayed small and hard.

If you wanted an apple, from which tree would you pick it? Yes, from the first one, which had

the beautiful, rosy fruit. And if you saw one of these large, nice apples, you would say it grew on a good tree, wouldn't you? While if you saw one of the hard, green ones, you would be sure it couldn't have come from a fine, healthy tree.

Jesus said, children, that just as every one knew good fruit had grown on good trees, so they could tell that kind, loving deeds had been done by good people.

The other story is about a beautiful grapevine that had many, many branches. They clung tightly to the vine and the food came up from the roots, just as it did to the apple tree. But one little branch said: "I don't need the vine, as I can bear grapes all by myself," so it let go and fell down to the ground. Do you think its leaves stayed green and that grapes grew upon it? No, it withered and died, while the other branches which clung to the vine and ate the food that the roots sent up to them, after awhile bore bunches of tiny green grapes. Little by little, these grapes grew larger until at last the vine was covered with beautiful purple clusters such as you see in our picture.

Jesus said that people could be like branches of the vine and have beautiful fruit. What do you think this fruit would be? Not grapes, but loving words and kind acts. If we want to have this fruit, we must keep just as close to Him, He said, as the branches did to the vine. You know Jesus never pleased Himself, but always tried to make others happy. We, too, must try to be gentle, helpful and loving, as He was, if we would have beautiful fruit.

Would you like to learn a little song about these words of Jesus?

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

SUBJECT—STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Mark 4:35-41.

PICTURE—"PEACE, BE STILL"—DORE.

SONG—"JESUS BY THE SEA."

(*From "Songs for Little Folks,"—Mrs. Crafts and Miss Merrill, page 58.*)

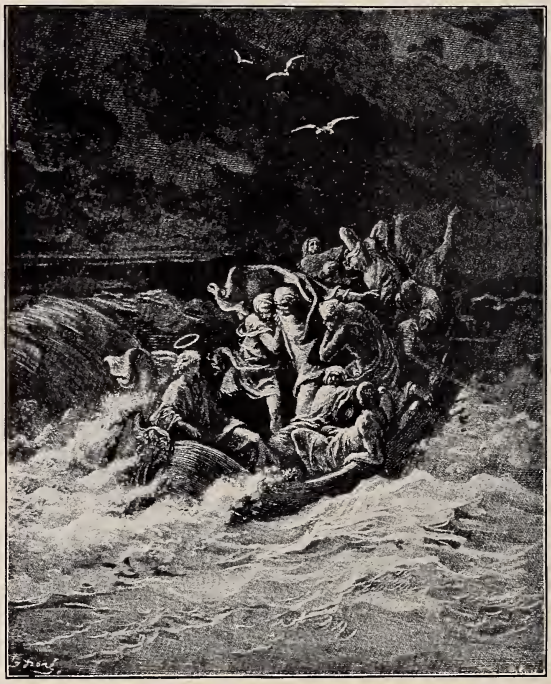
STORY.

Children, how many of you have been in a boat? Almost every one, I see. Do you like to play by the water? Yes, I'm sure all children do. Jesus loved the water very much and I think He used often to sit by the lake which was near His home, listening to the soft splashing of the waves and watching the changing colors.

Sometimes He taught the people on the lake shore and as they crowded and pressed about Him, He would take a boat and pushing out a little way, He would sit or stand where He could look into all their faces as He talked.

He had spent one afternoon thus in a boat speaking to the people who had listened so eagerly to His stories. It had been a busy day for Jesus, as He had healed many who were ill, taught His disciples and talked long to the multitude who crowded about Him. When night came, He was very weary and felt He must have rest, so He asked His disciples to take Him across the lake.

'Twas a lovely night and Jesus sat in the end of the boat enjoying the pretty scene. The sun was just setting and the little waves reflected the sky's colors—gold, red and purple. The moon soon ap-



peared and as it rose, Jesus watched the soft moonbeams sparkling on the water. After awhile, as He was very tired, Jesus lay down. I think perhaps John, who loved Him best of all, brought a leather pillow to put under His head and made Him so comfortable that He soon fell asleep.

Then, children, a strange thing happened. The little lake, which had looked so lovely with its rippling waves, changed quickly and became quite rough, for the wind began to blow. The moon went under a cloud, the wind blew more and more fiercely and the waves grew larger and larger. The disciples knew how weary Jesus was, so they did not wish to waken Him. Besides, several of them were fishermen and had been on the water much of their lives, so they knew just how to manage a boat. But this was a terrible storm and the waves dashed up so high that soon they came over the boat and it began to fill with water. The wind, too, rose to a hurricane and the poor disciples feared they would all be drowned, for they were far from shore.

In their trouble they hastened to the end of the boat where Jesus lay quietly sleeping, in spite of the dreadful storm. "Master, Master, we are drowning! Save us!" they called loudly.

Jesus awoke, looked calmly at them and at the wild tempest which was raging. Then He arose and, standing in the end of the boat, He spoke to the wind just as if it had been a child and told it to stop blowing.

And, children, the wind heard His voice and instantly became hushed and still and the lovely moon shone out once more. Then looking down at the water that was dashing and foaming below Him, Jesus said gently, "Peace! peace! be still."

"The noisy sea trembled; the choppy waves sank; the lake began to ripple;" even the ripple ceased and the lake lay silent and still.

The disciples could not believe they were awake. It seemed so wonderful that even the wind and the waves would obey Jesus. They did not speak; they were almost afraid of Jesus when they saw His wonderful power. But He turned to them and said sadly: "Did you not know that nothing could hurt you while I was with you? Why were you so afraid?"

Children dear, the loving Saviour is still with us and though we cannot see Him, as the disciples did, He cares for us just as He did for them and says to us, also, "Do not be afraid: I am with you."

SUBJECT—THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

Luke 8 :41-55.

PICTURE—DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS—HOFMANN.

STORY.

I told you, children, on other Sundays, how Jesus made the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk and the sick well. You know, also, of the joy that He gave to the dear mother by bringing her son back to life. Would you like to hear to-day one more story of the Great Physician?

One day Jesus had been taking dinner with Matthew, who was one of His disciples you remember. Before He left the table, a ruler, or great man, rushed in, threw himself at Jesus' feet and, in a voice choked with tears, cried out: "Master, my little daughter—my only child, who is scarcely twelve years old—is dying! Come, oh, come, and lay Thy hand upon her. I know, if Thou wilt but touch her, she shall live."

Jesus was always so ready and willing to help every one that needed Him, so He arose at once and went with Jairus (that was the father's name).

Now I want to tell you of something that happened on the way. There was a woman who had been ill for twelve years and though she had gone to many doctors and had paid them so much money

that she was left quite poor, she grew worse rather than better. She heard of Jesus and thought if she could only touch the tassel of His robe, it would make her well. In those days, instead of coats and

trousers, men wore long robes, to which white tassels were fastened.

There were so many people about Jesus, it was very hard for the poor woman to get near Him. But at last she found that she could just touch a

tassel that hung over His shoulder. At once she felt so well; for the first time in all those long twelve years, she had no pain. She was just slipping away through the crowd, eager to get home to tell her friends what Jesus had done for her, when she heard His voice asking, "Who touched me?"

His disciples were so surprised at His question and said, "Master, the multitude throng about you and do you ask who touched you?"

But Jesus answered, "I know that some one has been made well by touching me."

The woman was so timid among all those people, but she saw that Jesus was waiting for her to speak. Trembling, she came forward and kneeling down, she told Jesus how ill she had been for twelve years. She said she knew if she could only touch His garment, she would be cured. Jesus looked at her so kindly and said: "Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

While He was speaking to her, a servant came running toward them, from Jairus' house, and, as he drew near, he said to the ruler: "Thy daughter is dead. Do not trouble Jesus any more."

But when Jesus heard the words, He said to Jairus: "Be not afraid, I will make your daughter well."

When He reached the house, He found many people weeping and crying aloud, because the little girl had died. Jesus said: "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth," which meant that He was so soon to bring her back to life, it was as if she had just fallen asleep.

The people knew that she was really dead and could not understand what Jesus meant when He said she was only asleep. He did not stop to explain, but asked them all to go out of the room where the little girl lay. Then He took three of His disciples, Peter, James and John, and the father and mother and went into the room and closed the door. He took the little girl's hand in His, and looking tenderly at her, for you know how He loved little children, He said, "Little maid, arise."

And, children, the rosy color came back into her pale cheeks, her eyes slowly opened and she smiled at her mother and father and at Jesus, who were all bending over her.

The dear mother was so glad she did not know what to do, but Jesus remembered her, too, so He said, "Give the child something to eat."

Oh, how quickly the mother went to get the food for her darling, whom she thought she had lost. I am sure she and Jairus thanked Jesus with tears of joy for making their precious child well again.

SUBJECT—SIR LAUNFAL.

Matthew 10:8 (last clause).

PICTURE—CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS.

SONG—"SAVIOUR, TEACH ME, DAY BY DAY,"—MARO L. BARTLETT.

STORY.

Children, we have learned many of the beautiful words that Jesus spoke to the people who were gathered about Him. To-day would you like to learn more of these sweet words and then have me tell you a story about them? Jesus said, "Freely ye have received, freely give," which means that, as God has given us many blessings; a happy home, food to eat and clothes to wear, and many friends to love and care for us, He wants us to try to make others happy by helping them all we can. Will you say the words now after me: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The story* I shall tell you was written by a great poet, named Lowell, and some day I know you will like to read it just as he wrote it.

His story begins in the summer time, in June, and he tells us how happy everything was. The buttercup caught the sun in its yellow heart, the little bird sang joyously and every leaf and blade of grass made a home for some happy little creature.

*Adapted from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."

But amidst all the joy of the summertide; the clear skies, the blue river, the green grass, the blossoming dandelions and the robins building their nests, a great castle stretched its towers and turrets

up toward the sky, gray and cold, like the winter. It was a proud building and its gates were only opened to let rich lords and ladies come in, the poor people being always turned away.

In the castle lived a young knight, named Sir Launfal. (Do you remember the story I told you of Sir Galahad and the knights who sat at King Arthur's Round Table? It was long, long after that time when Sir Launfal lived.) He was strong and brave, and very proud of his grand castle, his many servants and all his great wealth. He thought

he loved Jesus and he wanted to please Him, but he had not learned to be loving and kind to those who were not so rich as he.

One time he decided he would ride forth and search all over the world for some great thing to do which would please God. He had his costly armor brought out and everything made ready for an early start in the morning, and then he threw himself down on his bed for a few hours' sleep.

Around the castle was a moat, or ditch, which was crossed by a little bridge, called a drawbridge. This was let down by chains and when it was up, no one could enter or leave the castle. I wish you might have seen Sir Launfal as he rode forth across this bridge, the next morning. The great, stone castle rose behind him, cold and gray, but all else was bright and joyous.

"The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees."

The sun shone on Sir Launfal's armor, turning it to gold, and he felt so strong and happy that it was a joy just to be alive.

But as he rode out from his castle, he came upon a leper; a poor man, ragged and dirty, and sick with a dreadful disease. The sunshine went out of Sir Launfal's heart and instead of helping the leper, he scornfully tossed him a gold piece and turned away with loathing.

The leper did not pick up the money. He said he would rather have a crust of bread or even kind words given lovingly by the poor, than gold thus scornfully flung to him by the rich.

Many, many years passed by. Sir Launfal had travelled far and wide, but had never found the great thing he sought to do to please God. His hair had become gray and his money had all been spent.

At last, old and weary, he turned homewards, but when he reached his castle, he found that people had thought he was dead, so they had taken his home from him. He was so changed that no one knew him, and when he tried to enter his castle, they made him go away, just as he had turned beggars away when he lived there. The wind blew his gray hair and seemed to say, "No home, no home, no home."

Poor Sir Launfal drew his thin cloak around him, but he shivered in the frosty air. It was winter and the wind blew loud and cold. "The little brook heard it" and asked Jack Frost to build it a roof of ice which should protect it all winter. Sometimes little ferns or stars and diamonds seemed to be drawn upon this roof and again it was clear and smooth, so the sunlight could shine through, for Jack Frost is a wonderful builder.

In the castle the great logs were piled high in the fireplace and sprays of ivy and bright red holly trimmed all the rooms, for 'twas the glad Christmas time.

Sir Launfal could look through the gate and see the great fire burning on the hearth, but alas! he

could not go in to get warm. He tried to forget the bitter cold by remembering summer days when he had crossed the desert and had seen the camels passing, one by one, the hot sun beating down upon them. Just as he was thinking of them, he heard a voice which said, "For Jesus' sake, help me."

He forgot the camels and the hot desert as he saw near him the same poor leper who had begged for help, when he rode forth from his castle that bright summer morning, so long ago. He remembered how scornfully he had flung the gold to him and he felt so sorry he had not been more kind and loving. He said: "I will give to you as I would give to Jesus, Himself, were He here."

He divided the crust of bread, which was all he had, broke the ice on the little stream and gave the beggar a drink. It seemed to the leper that he had never tasted anything so good as this poor food, because Sir Launfal was so tender and loving as he gave it.

Suddenly a beautiful light shone upon Sir Launfal, and, looking up, he saw—instead of the poor leper, Jesus Christ, Himself!

Gently He spoke: "Be not afraid, Sir Launfal. Over all the world you have searched in vain for some great thing to do for me, while here, at your very gate, were the poor and sick whom you could love and help."

Just here, children, such a strange thing happened! Sir Launfal awoke and found that all this had been a dream and that he had never ridden forth from his castle at all. But he felt sure that the

dream had been sent to teach him not to be proud and selfish, so he called to his servants and said: "Hang up my armor, for I am not going to travel over the world to find some great thing to do for God. Instead I am going to be kind and loving to all the poor and sick and helpless who live near me."

The castle gate was thrown wide open and every wanderer was as welcome to come in, as the birds are to build their nests in the trees. The summer now loved the old castle better than any other place, and lingered there and smiled all the year, for it no longer stood cold and dark like winter. Instead it was always bright and warm and every poor man who entered felt as much at home as if he owned it; for Sir Launfal had learned the meaning of Jesus' words, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

SUBJECT—FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Mark 6:31-44; John 6:5-13.

PICTURE—CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE—MURILLO.

SONG—"FROM THE FAR BLUE HEAVEN."
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 32.*)

STORY.

Children, can you remember some of the kind, loving things Jesus did for people, of which I have told you? You know that He healed the sick, comforted all who were in trouble and told many beautiful stories which helped those who heard them to be better men and women. To-day I want to tell you of one of the wonderful things He did, which showed how much He loved people.

One day He saw that His disciples were getting very tired, as they had been helping Him for many hours and the crowds pressing about them had even kept them from eating. Though He never thought of Himself, Jesus took tender, loving care of these friends of His, so He said, "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

They took a boat and without telling anyone where they were going, they went across the lake to a quiet place where no one lived. But some of the people saw Jesus go and hurried around by the shore, so when He and His disciples left the boat,

there were many waiting for them. Jesus couldn't bear to send them away, so He healed the sick whom they had brought to Him and talked to them until evening.

Then the disciples came to Him and said: "Master, this is a lonely place and 'tis getting late.

Won't you send the people away now, so they can go back to the towns and buy food, for they have nothing to eat."

Jesus looked at the great multitude which was gathered about Him and He felt very sorry for them. It seemed to Him that they were like sheep without any shepherd and now they needed food and rest. So He turned to His disciples and said, "They need not go; give ye them to eat."

His disciples were so surprised and said: "Why how can we feed so many? If we should buy a great deal of bread, it would give each one only a little."

Jesus asked, "How many loaves of bread have you?"

Andrew answered, "There is a little lad here who has five tiny loaves of barley bread and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

I think, children, that this little fellow had planned when he left home that morning to stay all day long with Jesus, so he had brought his lunch.

When Jesus heard what the little boy had, He said, "Make the people sit down."

So the disciples went about among the throngs telling them to be seated upon the grass. They were so tired that it seemed good to them to rest. I wish you might have seen them, children. They sat in groups, families with their friends, and their garments were of many bright colors, so they looked like lovely flowers as they rested upon the green grass. Jesus wore a blue robe and His face was wondrously beautiful as He smiled upon the people.

When they were all seated, He looked up to heaven and asked God to bless the bread and fishes which the little boy had gladly given. Then He broke the bread, divided the fish and gave them to the twelve disciples to pass to the people.

Now, children, such a wonderful thing happened! As the people took the bread and fish, there was always just as much for the next ones. The disciples passed the baskets to one group after another and still the food lasted. Finally every one of all that great multitude had eaten all he wished.

Then Jesus said, "Gather up all that is left," and only think, children, the disciples filled twelve baskets full.

Wasn't Jesus kind and loving not only to heal sick people, but even to feel so sorry for those who were hungry that He gave them food.

SUBJECT—A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Matthew 10:42.

PICTURE—THE THREE FRIENDS—ELIZABETH GARDNER.

SONG—"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER," second verse.
(*From "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," page 33.*)

STORY.

The most beautiful illustration of this verse which I know is the sweet story entitled, "The Cup of Loving Service," by Eliza D. Taylor, an inexpensive pamphlet edition of which can be bought at any bookstore. It should be shortened and simplified to tell in the Kindergarten and might be introduced thus:

Do you know, children, that Jesus is just as much pleased with little things, if they are done with a loving spirit, as with larger ones. 'Tis often only these little things that children can do, is it not?

One day Jesus said these words which I want to read to you from our best Book: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only * * * I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." That means that Jesus notices even so small a thing as a cup of water given to a little thirsty child.

Would you like to hear to-day a story of a little boy who remembered these words of Jesus and used to give water to those who were thirsty?

He lived a long, long while ago, far away from here in a little valley with great mountains rising all about it. His home, which was far from all others, was a plain little house, but it had a pretty garden

and the grass was kept neatly cut about it. He lived alone with his mother and he was so loving and helpful that he made her very happy. There were many others, also, whom the dear little fellow used to help.

Up the mountain wound a steep, rough road and people who had to climb it used to get very tired, hot and thirsty. Near the house where the little boy lived was a spring of cold, sparkling water, almost hidden by a great rock which hung over it, and this water he would carry to the weary travellers.

One day he saw a little girl coming up the road, leading a goat, and he ran out and gave her a cup of water which she was so glad to stop and take. He gave the goat, also, a drink and then they went on up the mountain, the little girl waving her hand and saying, again and again, how much she thanked him.

As he went down the path to his home, he saw a little dog, hot and panting, lying by the road. He stooped over and patted him, saying, "Poor doggie, would you, too, like a drink?"

The dog lapped the water eagerly and then wagged its tail and looked up gratefully, trying to say, "Thank you," to its little friend.

(This would explain the picture and suggest an act of kindness each child could do.)

SUBJECT—THE LOST LAMB.

John 10:3 (last clause), 4, 5, 14, 27; Psalm 23.

PICTURE—THE LOST SHEEP—MOLITOR.

SONGS—"LITTLE LAMBS SO WHITE AND FAIR,"

(*From "Songs and Games for Little Ones," page 9; also in "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," page 9.*)

AND 'THE GOOD SHEPHERD"—BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.

(*This to be sung to the children.*)

STORY.

Do you remember, children, the story I told you of Jesus feeding the multitude with just the five loaves and two fishes which the little boy had brought? You know Jesus said that He felt sorry for the people because they were like sheep that had no shepherd. In the country where He lived many sheep fed upon the hills and He often watched them and saw what tender care the shepherds took of them. You remember, perhaps, the shepherds near Bethlehem, to whom the angels brought the good news that Christ was born.

As you know, even before Jesus came to the earth, He was called the Good Shepherd. The grown people were His sheep, while the dear little children were His lambs. Would you like to have me read what Jesus said about a shepherd? "He" (that is the shepherd) "calleth his own sheep by

name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him.

for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine" (that is my sheep know me). "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."

Shall I tell you a story now about a little lamb? Once upon a time, far away from here in a hilly country, there lived a shepherd who had many sheep and lambs. Every day he used to lead them out quite a long way from his home over the hills to the places where they could find the best grass. There was a little stream which flowed so quietly through the meadows and by this the shepherd would lead his flocks. When they were weary, they would lie down upon the green grass and rest.

Through the winter their wool grew very thick and heavy so as to keep them warm, but when the springtime came the shepherd sheared them, which means he cut off the wool with large scissors, or shears, so they might be cool and comfortable during the summer. Do you know what is made out of the nice, warm wool that comes from the sheep? (Let the children tell of their clothing and other things made from wool.)

This shepherd had such a nice dog named Watch, who helped him lead the sheep to the best places for them to find food. Watch would never hurry nor frighten them, but he would keep them from straying away.

At night the shepherd led them home and put them in a sheepcot, or large, nice shed, where no wild animals could hurt them and where they would keep warm. He knew every one of his sheep and lambs and they, too, knew his voice and would follow when he called.

One day, late in the fall, the shepherd was starting out to take his sheep to the pasture, when his wife

said: "John dear, I wouldn't take the sheep out, if I were you; it looks so dark I fear we shall have a storm."

But he replied: "The sheep like the grass so much better than the hay which I have to feed them in the winter that I wish to take them out as long as I can. If it storms, I'll soon get them home, so don't worry about me."

Among the lambs was one that skipped and played so much that the shepherd called him Frisky. On this dark day, after the sheep had reached the green pasture, Frisky coaxed some of the little lambs to run away when Watch wasn't looking. They skipped about, getting farther and farther from the sheep, until at last the others were frightened and ran back to their mothers. Frisky, however, wanted to show how much braver he was, so he ran still farther until he came to some bramble bushes which caught his wool. In trying to pull himself free, he went deeper into the bushes and couldn't get out. The more he struggled, the more the cruel thorns pricked him.

Meanwhile it grew darker and darker and the shepherd decided to take the sheep home. Just as he was starting, the snow began to fall and the poor sheep were so frightened. They huddled together and bleated, "baa, baa;" but the kind shepherd kept calling them and Watch helped very faithfully, running now to this place and now to that, whenever a sheep was getting away from the others. At last they came to the fold and as the sheep went in, the shepherd counted them. He had just one hundred,

but he found that he had brought only ninety-nine home. Little Frisky's mamma was crying, "baa, baa," for her little lamb, so the shepherd knew which one was lost.

He went to the house to get a warmer coat, for a terrible snow storm was raging, the wind was blowing and it was bitterly cold. His wife begged him not to go, saying he would lose his way and perish in the snow, but he said that little Frisky would freeze if left out in the cold and that he and Watch could find their way.

They started off, looking all along the path and listening for the little lamb's bleating. They went way back to the pasture, such a long, hard way as the snow was so deep that the shepherd stumbled over the stones which he could not see, and several times he fell. Still they didn't find Frisky, so they went on and on until they came to the bramble bushes.

Poor little Frisky was still there, caught firmly by the cruel thorns. He was so cold and very much frightened by the darkness and snow and oh, how glad he was to hear his dear shepherd's voice calling. He said "baa, baa," and though it was a feeble little voice, the shepherd heard and came into the bramble bushes to find his little lamb. The sharp thorns pierced his hands so the blood flowed from the wounds, but at last he freed the poor little creature. He took him in his strong arms, close against his breast and wrapped his warm cloak about the shivering little body. Frisky said "baa, baa," to show how glad he was to be safe once more and

I think he tried to tell how sorry he felt that he had run away and made the kind shepherd so much trouble.

The shepherd carried him back to his home where his wife was so glad to see him and little Frisky, too. Then after he had given the little lamb some warm milk, he took him out to the sheepcot to his mother, who bleated joyously to show how happy she was to get her baby back again.

Now I'm going to ask Mr. ——— to sing a beautiful song about Jesus, the Good Shepherd. It was written by a great and good king, whose name was David, and I think I will read it to you first, so you can understand the words as they are sung.

(Read the twenty-third Psalm, explaining briefly, and at the close of the song, ask the children to learn the first and second verses.)

SUBJECT—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10:25-37.

PICTURE—THE GOOD SAMARITAN—PLOCKHORST.

SONG—"SERVING THE KING," first and third verses.
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 106.*)

STORY.

Would you like me to tell you to-day, children, one of Jesus' own beautiful stories? One day a lawyer asked Jesus what he must do to go to heaven. I think God would rather we should be good and help others here than just try to get to heaven ourselves, don't you?

When the lawyer asked Him this question, Jesus replied, "What does the Bible say you must do?"

The lawyer had often studied the Bible, so he answered quite readily, "It says we must love God with all our hearts and our neighbors as much as we love ourselves."

Jesus answered, "Yes, that is right; if you do that you will go to heaven."

But the lawyer asked another question, "Who is my neighbor?"

If he had asked this of you, children, what would you say? Who do *you* think your neighbors are? The people who live next door or very near you. That is just what the lawyer thought, but listen to what Jesus said. He answered by telling this story:

Once a man had to take a long journey from Jericho to Jerusalem. (You remember that the Temple was at Jerusalem, where Christ went with

his parents when He was a boy and where He talked to the wise men.)

This man had to go over a rough road where there were not many people passing and as he came to a very lonely spot, some robbers, who had been hiding there, sprang out and attacked him. They

knocked him down and then stole all his money and even most of his clothing, leaving him half dead.

Now it chanced that a priest had to pass that way. He was thought to be a very good man, for he used to stand on the corner of the streets and make long prayers and he would give money to the poor, if people were near and could see him, so they might say how kind and good he was. But here on this road he was all alone and as he walked along, he suddenly saw this wounded man. He thought, "No one will know it if I am good to him, so it isn't worth while to give him any help." He passed by, therefore, on the other side of the road, leaving the poor man to suffer.

Then a Levite came along. He really was a very busy man, as he had many things to do about the Temple and perhaps he was even then going on some errand. He, also, came to the man lying in the road and he went up to him and looked at him. He thought, "I would help him if I were not so busy, but God wouldn't want me to neglect my work," so he, too, passed by.

Then there came by a Samaritan, and I must stop long enough to tell you that the Samaritans, who lived in Samaria, didn't like the Jews, who lived in Jerusalem. They often quarrelled with them and why do you suppose they quarrelled?—the very strangest reason! The Jews thought people must go to church at Jerusalem and pray to God there, while the Samaritans thought it was right to worship God on a mountain in their country. Wasn't

it strange to quarrel about such a thing as that? I am glad we know that we can worship God everywhere and can pray to Him in our homes, when we are visiting our friends or anywhere we happen to be.

This man who now came along the lonely road was a Samaritan. Perhaps he was busy, too, and hoped to get home before it grew dark. But as he journeyed, he came to the place where the wounded man lay and when he saw him, he felt sorry for him. He saw that he was a Jew but he didn't say, "I don't like Jews and they don't like me, so of course I can't help this man."

Instead he bound up his wounds, pouring oil and wine upon the sore places to make them heal. He gave him some wine to drink, to strengthen him, and when the poor man opened his eyes, he saw a kind face bending over him. I think he smiled at the Samaritan, for it must have seemed so good to know he was with a friend and not with the robbers who had been so cruel to him.

When the man was able to sit up, the good Samaritan put him on his own mule and then though he was tired from his journey, he walked at his side a long way until he came to the next inn, or small hotel, on the road. He spent the night there taking care of him and the next morning, as he had to continue his journey, he went to the landlord and said, "Will you please take care of this wounded man?" He then gave him some money and said, "If you spend more than this for him, I'll pay you when I next pass over this road."

"Now," said Jesus to the lawyer, "which of these men do you think was a neighbor to the wounded man?" Which would *you* say, children? The Samaritan? Yes, that was what the lawyer thought and he said, "He that shewed mercy to him was his neighbor."

Then Jesus said, "Go and do likewise," that is, be kind and merciful not only to the people you like and who live near you, but to every one who needs your help.

SUBJECT—PRAYER.

Matthew 17 :1-18; 26-39; Luke 23 :34; John 17 :9-26.

PICTURE—CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE—HOFMANN.

STORY.

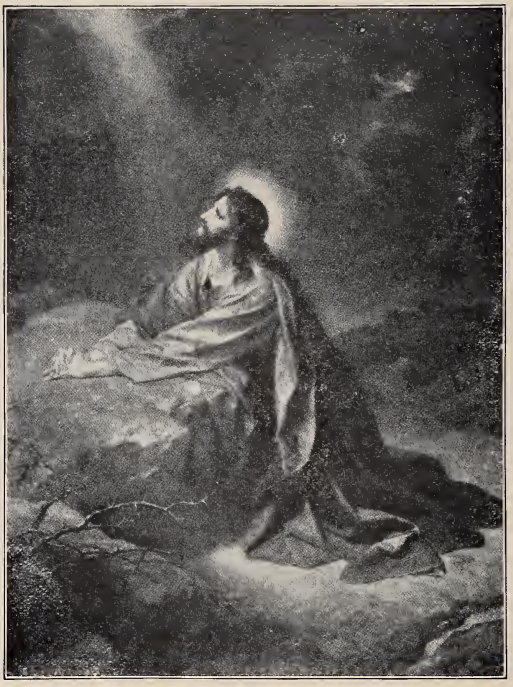
Children, we have been talking for many, many weeks about dear Jesus and all the kind, loving things which He did when He was here upon earth. Do you know who helped Him live such a beautiful life? It was God, the heavenly Father—Jesus' Father and ours, also.

How can we talk to God, children? Yes, we can pray to Him. Did you know that Jesus used to talk to His heavenly Father in just this same way? Many, many times the Bible tells us that Jesus went away alone by himself to pray.

Before he asked His twelve disciples to stay with Him and help Him preach to people, He went into a mountain and prayed all night long to God. I think He asked His heavenly Father to help Him choose just the right men.

Then do you remember the time when He fed so many people with only five loaves and two fishes? After the multitude had gone home that night, Jesus was very weary as He had been teaching and healing all day. But instead of going to bed, He went up on a mountain and there prayed to God and I think this rested Him and gave Him more strength

than even sleep could have done. He loved the mountain and the beautiful lake whose waves beat upon the shore just below. I think that when it was so quiet and still, the water, the trees and the



clear, bright stars all seemed to talk to Him and as He knelt there all alone, He felt very near to God and very sure of His Father's love.

Another time when he had been healing a great many sick people, He left them and went into a

lonely place that He might talk to God; again, He arose very early one morning, long before daylight, and went away by Himself to a quiet spot to pray.

Once He took three of His disciples, Peter, James and John, and went up on a mountain. There, as He prayed, His face became as bright as the sun and the robe that He wore was changed to dazzling white. Two grand old men who had been in heaven for many years came to talk to Him. I think God sent them that they might help Jesus and give Him strength and comfort. The disciples were so very tired when they climbed the mountain that they fell asleep. Just think how surprised they must have been, when they awoke, to see Jesus' face shining so brightly they could not look upon it, and his wonderful white garments and the two men talking to Him!

Peter said, "Lord, let us build three houses for you and your friends and always stay here on the mountain."

But as he spoke, a cloud covered them, and from the cloud they heard a voice which said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear Him."

The disciples were so frightened that they covered their faces, but Jesus came and touched them and said, "Be not afraid."

He then told them that they could not stay on the mountain all the time even to talk to God and to hear Him speaking to them, because people down below needed His help. When they went down they found a father who had brought his poor, sick son for Jesus to heal and he was so glad when Jesus touched him and made him well. I think Peter saw then that

it was well they had all come down, so that Jesus could give help and comfort to those who needed Him.

Toward the end of His life Jesus knew that great pain was coming to Him. He dreaded it just as you or I, children dear, would do, if we knew we were to suffer, so He went away alone and asked God to save Him from this suffering. When He had prayed thus, He added, "Not as I will, O my Father, but as Thou wilt." That means that if God knew this pain was best for Him, He would be willing to have it sent, for He always wanted to do just as His heavenly Father wished. God did not take the pain away, but He sent a beautiful angel to Jesus who gave Him more strength to bear it.

After this wicked men were unkind and cruel to Jesus. He had always loved them and tried to help them and He was very much grieved that they should be so unloving toward Him. But instead of being angry and wishing to punish them, He prayed to God and said, "Father, forgive them."

There are many other prayers of Jesus in the Bible, but I can tell you of just one more. In it He did not pray for Himself, but for His disciples, the dear friends whom he so loved and who had been with Him for a long time. He gathered them all closely about Him and then He asked God to comfort them, when He went back to heaven and could no longer be with them, and keep them from all wrong. He prayed that they might be very happy,

that they might always be kind and loving and that after a time they might come to heaven where He would be waiting for them.

Are we not glad to know, children dear, that we can talk to the heavenly Father, just as Jesus did, and that He will give us, also, help and strength?

SUBJECT—HOW TO PRAY.

Luke 11:1; Matthew 6:9-15; 7:11; 26:39.

PICTURE—SAMUEL—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SONG—"SERVING THE KING," second and fourth verses.
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 106.*)

STORY.

Last Sunday, children, I told you how often dear Jesus used to pray to His heavenly Father. One day His disciples were with Him and as He finished praying, they said, "Lord, teach us to pray." Then Jesus taught them the prayer which perhaps some of you know and which I hope you all will learn when you are a little older.

It begins, "Our Father which art in heaven." Are we not glad to know that we have a dear, loving Father up in heaven? I will not tell you all the beautiful words, but some I know you can understand. Do you think that the angels and all the people who have gone to heaven do just what God wishes them to do? Yes, I am sure it makes them very happy to please Him. Jesus taught us to ask God to make us just as willing and ready to do what He wished here, as the angels are in heaven.

Another part of the prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread," and I want to tell you a little story

about these words. Many years ago near a great mountain lived a woman and her two little girls. They were very poor and the mother could not get any work to do. Day by day the food they had

grew less until there was none left. As they ate the last piece of bread for supper, Elsa, one of the little girls, said, "We'll just pray to God, Mamma, and He will send us more," so they all knelt and prayed, "Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

The children then went to bed, and as their mother kissed them good-night, Elsa said, "Don't worry, Mamma, I know God will send us something to eat before morning."

'Twas winter time, bitterly cold and a wild snow storm was raging. Out in the storm was a man who had started to walk over the mountain, but he had lost his way and didn't know as he should ever see his home again. Just as he felt he could go no farther, he saw a light and coming nearer, he found the little house where Elsa lived. A few sticks of wood, which the mother had picked up, were burning on the hearth and on the window stood a little candle which threw out the light the traveller had seen. He knocked at the door and when the mother opened it, he asked if he might come in. The mother said, "Yes, indeed, I am glad to share the fire with you, as you look so very cold."

Then she added, "I wish I might give you something to eat, but we have nothing in the house, as the children had the last piece of bread for their supper."

The man replied, "I have bread and cold meat with me which will do for breakfast for us all."

The mother fixed a bed for him and he was very glad to find a shelter from the storm.

The next morning, when the man gave them his lunch, Elsa said, "I just know God sent you to bring us the bread for which we prayed."

The man was very sorry to learn of all the trouble the mother and little girls had had. He gave them some money to buy more food and told the mother

that he knew of people not far away who would give her work; so after that they all had easier, happier times.

God sends us, also, our bread, children, and all the other nice things we have to eat and I think Jesus taught us these words, "Give us this day our daily bread," so we should remember that everything comes from Him.

Another part of the prayer asks God to forgive us, as we forgive those who have been unkind to us. One time two little boys had been quarrelling; they were very angry and at last one said, "I just hate you, Tommy, and I won't play with you any more."

He ran home and told his mother how horrid and mean Tommy was. That night he knelt down and prayed, "Forgive us, as we forgive others," and then he stopped to think. Mamma had often told him that if he felt angry toward others and did not forgive them, he could not ask God to forgive him. Just as he was praying, he thought of Tommy and said, "I just can't forgive him; he was *so* mean."

Then he remembered that he, too, had spoken cross, ugly words and he said, "Oh dear, I'm afraid I was just as bad as Tommy and I'll go to him tomorrow and say I'm sorry and ask him to be friends again."

After he had decided to do this, I think he could pray, "Forgive us, as we forgive others," don't you, children?

Then the prayer says, "Deliver" (or keep) "us from evil" (or from doing wrong), and I think God wants us to help answer this prayer, ourselves. If

a little girl's mamma had told her that she must not take any of the fruit on the sideboard, wouldn't she be very foolish to go and stand by the fruit and think, "Oh, how good it looks! I just *wish* I could take some?" Instead she ought to run away, ought she not? where she wouldn't see it nor be tempted to take it.

In the last part of the prayer, we say, "For Thine is the power," which means that God is able to do all we ask, and we know that He loves us and wants to give us everything that will make us happy. The Bible says that just as fathers and mothers love to give good things to their children, so God will give good things to all who ask Him.

But, children, suppose a little baby boy should reach out his hand toward a bright lamp and say, "Give it to me," would his mother let him have it? No, indeed, for she would know that the lamp would set the baby on fire and burn him. Or if you should want to eat a great deal of candy, would your papa give it to you? No, for he would know that it would make you ill. So the dear heavenly Father does not always give us everything we ask, because He knows it would not be best for us.

You remember that when Jesus prayed, He said, "Not my will, O Father, but Thine be done," which meant, "Give me not what I want, but what Thou wishest me to have."

Let us remember to pray in this way. We can ask God for everything we want, but then let us say, "Give me only what is best for me."

SUBJECT—THE HOSPITAL PARTY.

Luke 14:12-14.

PICTURE—DEAR LITTLE FOLK—PAPPERITZ.

SONG—"SUNBEAM SONG,"—MRS. BLODGETT, third verse.
(*From Song Leaflets.—Blackmer Music Company, Publishers.*)

STORY.

Children, Jesus noticed that when people gave parties, they only asked those who had invited them. A man would say, "That man invited me to dinner, so I must have him dine with me."

Or perhaps some lady would think: "If I invite those people to my home, they will ask me when they next give a party. They are wealthy and have a beautiful house, so I'd like to go there."

Jesus felt sorry that the people did thus, so one day He said: "When you give a dinner, do not ask just your relatives and friends nor your rich neighbors; for, if you do, they will ask you again and thus you will receive your reward. But invite instead, the poor, the lame and the blind, and you shall be blessed, for, as they cannot reward you, God will do so."

To-day would you like me to tell you a story of a little girl who gave a party which I am sure pleased Jesus? Her name was Elizabeth but she was called Betty by all her friends. She had two little sisters,

Marjorie and Eleanor, and they all lived in a large, beautiful home a little way out from a city.

The little girls had many animals; Shetland ponies which took them on the finest rides, pretty little white rabbits and some Maltese ones, also, of a

lovely gray color. They had dogs and kitties, too, and Eleanor had a dear little lamb which loved to follow her. In the picture you can see the three little girls and some of their friends, playing with the lamb.

At the time of my story, Betty was soon to have a birthday, as she was almost six years old, and her mamma had promised her a party. She always loved to go to parties and she was so glad she, her-

self, could now have one. She talked about it with her sisters and they planned to invite all the children who had asked them to their parties.

On Sunday papa asked his little girls if they would like to go with him in the afternoon to see the children in the hospital. He had telephoned and found it would be quite safe to take them. They always loved to go with papa anywhere and were delighted at the idea of making this visit.

They took a little ride in the cars, a short walk and then they came to the hospital, such a large, fine building. The matron, who was a sweet, lovely woman, came in to see them and after a few moments took them up to the ward, or rooms, where the children were. Some of them lay in little beds and looked so thin and white that Betty and her sisters felt very sorry for them.

Then the matron took them into the room where the children stayed when they were getting better. It had many windows, so it was flooded with sunshine. There were pretty pictures on the walls and it looked so pleasant, the little girls felt it wouldn't be very hard to stay there. But when they saw the poor little ones, they knew that even the bright room couldn't make them quite happy. They lay on soft lounges, or rested in chairs in which they could lie down or sit up. Many of them had to keep very still as their back or legs had been hurt; others could walk a little on crutches, but all of them had some trouble which kept them from running about.

One dear little fellow, Vivian, the children especially loved. He had soft, dark hair and large

brown eyes and such a sweet smile. He had trouble with his back and for weeks and weeks had had to lie still, while he often suffered great pain. Betty asked how old he was and found that his birthday came just when hers did and that he, too, would be six.

After the children had visited together for awhile, papa told them all a story and then he had to take his little ones home. Vivian and the other children asked them to come again and papa said he would certainly bring them.

Betty was very quiet as she went home, for she was thinking about the poor little invalids. She knew it must be very hard for them to lie still and suffer so much pain, and even to stay in that bright, pretty room wasn't so nice as to be able to run out of doors and have a happy time with other children. Again and again she thought of dear little Vivian, with his beautiful eyes and sweet face, who was just as old as she, but wasn't to have any party when his birthday came.

When they reached home, the little girls ran to tell mamma of their visit and she was so interested in hearing of the little invalids. Betty said, "Oh, Mamma, I do wish I could do something for those little children."

That night when she knelt to pray, she asked God to bless the poor little sick children and she added, "Show me, dear Jesus, something I can do to make them happy."

When she awoke the next morning such a nice plan came into her mind. She thought she'd ask

mamma if she might have a party for Vivian instead of for herself. Then she remembered all her own little friends whom she was going to invite and for a moment she felt she must have her own party. But as she thought of all the little invalids who had to keep so still and couldn't run about nor play, she decided she would rather make them happy.

She couldn't wait to get dressed, so she ran into mamma's room and crept into her bed while she talked about her plan. Mamma and papa both thought it would be very nice to have the party for the little sufferers, so after breakfast mamma took Betty and drove to the hospital to talk to the matron about it. She, too, was much pleased and told mamma just what the children could have to eat.

When the day came, children, I wish you might have looked into that pretty sitting-room at the hospital. A little table stood in the middle of the room and on it were pretty dishes, lovely flowers and many nice things to eat. In the center was a simple cake, covered with white frosting and on this, in tiny pink candies, were two names, Betty and Vivian, for mamma said the party should be for both. Six little pink candles were around the edge of the cake and before it was brought in, the shades were pulled down and the candles lit. The eyes of the little invalids shone as bright as the candles for they had never seen so pretty a cake. It was such fun, too, to blow out the little lights, one by one.

Would you like to know what they had for the party? There were dainty sandwiches, cut into

diamonds and triangles, little wafers tied with pink ribbon and animal crackers which made the children laugh. It seemed so funny to eat elephants and camels and queer little monkeys. There was pretty pink jelly, too, and milk tea served in cunning little pink cups.

Last of all they had such a beautiful surprise. There was a little animal or bird for each child and what do you suppose it was made of? Ice cream! Just think how wide the children's eyes opened! Even Betty, Eleanor and Marjorie didn't know of this, for mamma had kept it a secret from them, too. Every child had something different; a bird, a chicken, a rabbit, a lamb, a dog, or a kitty. Besides the birthday cake, they had little cakes made like hearts and stars. At each place were little Chinese napkins showing such funny faces and bonbons which opened with a snap. Inside was a tissue paper bonnet or cap, which every little child wore.

Of course only the little children who were well enough to sit up or to be wheeled into the pretty sitting-room could come to the party, but Betty and mamma took something to all the little sufferers in the ward, before the party began; jelly or fruit or whatever the nurses said would not hurt them. Betty had flowers, too, for every one; lovely sweet peas, or fragrant carnations that kept fresh so long, or dear little pansies whose bright faces always bring pleasant thoughts. It made Betty so happy to see how the thin, pale faces of the poor little sufferers would light up with pleasure as she gave them

the flowers. At the party every one had such a good time and Vivian said, "I just wish I could be six years old every day!"

When Betty at last went home, she said, "Oh, Mamma, 'twas the best and happiest party I ever had and I'm *so* glad I gave it at the hospital."

SUBJECT—TEDDY'S FREE DAY.

Luke 15:11-24.

PICTURE—HEAD OF CHILD—GREUZE.

STORY.

(One of the lessons taught by the Prodigal Son is the wrong use of independence, which I have tried to illustrate in this little story.)

Children, do you ever want to have your own way instead of doing as papa and mamma wish? Shall I tell you to-day a story of a little boy who wanted to please only himself?

Teddy was an only child and usually he was a very dear little fellow, but he sometimes did find it hard to mind. One night as he was having a cosy talk with mamma when she put him to bed, he said, "Oh, Mamma, I'd like it so much if I could do just what I please, as grown people do, and didn't have to mind you."

"Grown people cannot always please themselves, dear," replied mamma. I often do things for papa when I'd rather do something else and many, many times I work for my little boy when I'd like to rest or be busy in other ways. But if you'd really like to please only yourself, you may try it to-morrow."

"For all day!" Teddy exclaimed. "May I do just what I like all day long?"

"Yes," answered mamma, "you can play you didn't have a mamma or papa whom you must obey."

Teddy thought he should have the very happiest day of his life and he fell asleep making all sorts of plans for the morrow.

When he awoke his first thought was, "I don't have to mind any one so I won't get up for breakfast, as 'twill be such fun to stay in bed late."

He jumped up and found some toys which he took to bed and there he played until papa and mamma

had finished their breakfast. As papa left the house, he called up, "Good-bye, little son, I missed you at breakfast."

Teddy felt a little sorry he hadn't been at the table for he always had a happy time there. Then, too, he missed his papa's good-bye kiss, but he soon thought, "Tis so much nicer to do just as I please and stay in bed."

After awhile he began to grow hungry, and so he decided to get up. He always liked to wear his best clothes, so he put them all on. Then he went down stairs but he found the breakfast things cleared away. He went to the kitchen and said, "Oh, Nora, can't I have some breakfast?"

"Why I thought you didn't want any," said Nora, "as you didn't come down. I'm very busy now, so I can't wait on you, but there's bread and plenty of milk, if you'd like them."

Teddy sat down in the kitchen and ate the cold bread and drank the milk but it wasn't so good as a nice, hot breakfast and he wished he'd come down earlier. When he had finished, he went out in the yard and ran up and down with Fido, his little dog, who barked and tried to say how glad he was to have Teddy play with him.

After awhile Teddy happened to see a little bird house which papa had put up so the birdies might build their nests in it. Papa had said he must not touch it as he would frighten the birds, but he thought that to-day, when he could do as he liked and need mind no one, he would look in. He brought a short ladder, put it against the tree and

climbed up so he could peep into the bird house. But it was rather dark and he could see nothing. He thought he heard a little noise, however, so he put his hand in to see what he could feel. But alas! he pulled it out quickly with a cry of pain. There were no birdies in the little house but a great wasp had made its nest there. It was very angry when Teddy's little hand appeared and stung him to make him go away. Poor Teddy ran screaming to the house to find mamma. (He was very glad he had a mamma, even though he didn't have to mind her.) She was so sorry for him and went out of doors and put some soft mud on the place that had been stung, which eased the pain very quickly. Then she kissed the little hand and bound it up carefully in a clean, white cloth. Teddy was glad to stay with her and be rocked and petted for a little while.

When lunch time came there was some rich jam on the table which Teddy did not usually eat, so he asked his mamma if he might have some. Mamma smiled and said, "Do not ask me; you know you are to please only yourself to-day."

Teddy took some of the jam and it tasted so good that he helped himself again and again.

After lunch he thought he would go fishing. There was a little stream not very far from the house where he had sometimes been with papa to fish, but never alone before. He was so glad to think he could go all by himself to-day without asking anybody about it. He found the little pole his papa had given him and went to the stream. He walked out on some big stones, as papa had done, and threw

his line in the water. As he pulled it about, something on the bottom caught the hook and when he leaned over to see what was the matter, his foot slipped and—over he fell! The water wasn't deep, but he was quite wet and oh, how his nice, best clothes looked! They were muddy and dirty, dripping with water and torn, too, in several places. Little Teddy ran to the house, slipped up the back stairs and hurried to put on some dry clothes. He tried to wipe the mud off the others and then hung them up to dry.

He decided he wouldn't go out again, so he played with his toys and read his books until papa came home. Papa thought his little boy's face did not look so happy and bright as usual, but he said nothing.

When seven o'clock came, Teddy's bedtime, no one told him to go to bed, so he sat in the library with papa and mamma and looked at a picture book. He found a picture of some monkeys and they made him think he would go to a park where he'd been once with papa to see some monkeys that were there. Papa had told him then not to go too near the cage as the monkeys might hurt him. But to-day Teddy went quite close and was looking at a funny little monkey way at the top of the cage, when suddenly a great big one put his claws through the bars, seized Teddy's hair and pulled it so hard he screamed with the pain.

"Why Teddy dear, what is the matter?" asked mamma.

Teddy opened his eyes and there he sat in the big arm chair with the book of pictures on his lap and a great monkey looking at him from the page. Teddy was glad it wasn't a real, live one which had him by the hair!

"I think I'll go to bed, Mamma," said he, "and will you go with me?"

As mamma tucked him in bed, Teddy threw his arms around her neck and said: "Oh, Mamma, it was perfectly horrid doing what I pleased—my finger still hurts a little where the wasp stung me, I feel sick and wish I hadn't eaten so much jam and it wasn't any fun to fall in the water and spoil my best clothes. I'm sure I'd rather do what you think best and mind you and papa after this."

SUBJECT—THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15:11-24.

PICTURE—THE PRODIGAL SON—MOLITOR.

STORY.

Do you remember, children, the story we had last Sunday of little Teddy who wanted to do just as he pleased, but found it was nicer to mind papa and mamma? Would you like to hear to-day a story that dear Jesus told of a young man who wished to please only himself?

There was once a man who had two sons; he was quite rich and the two boys had many, many things to make them happy. But as they grew older the younger son grew tired of staying at home and doing what his father wished him to do, so he decided to leave home and never come back. He, therefore, went to his father and asked if he might have his share of the money. His father gave him half of all he had, keeping the other half for his older brother.

After a few days the younger son started away and travelled a long, long distance. Finally he came to a large city and there he made some friends. They were rough, bad young men who only cared for him because he was rich. They helped him spend a great deal of the money his father had given him on rich food, fine clothes and other things. At last

almost all of his money was gone and then these other young men who had been so friendly left him, when they found he could give them nothing more.

There had not been any rain in that country for a long time, so nothing had grown and it became very hard to get food. The young man had so little money he couldn't buy much to eat and he was often hungry. He had never learned to work but now he

tried to find something to do. The people in the city knew how wicked he had been and would not employ him, so he was obliged to walk a long distance. At last he came to a little town where he asked a man for work. He was very hungry as he had had little to eat for some time and his clothes were quite shabby. The man looked at him and then asked him if he would take care of his pigs. The poor young man was glad to get even that to do, and as he watched the pigs, he wished he might have some of their food, he was so hungry.

He took care of the pigs for quite a long time but was still very poor, for of course he wasn't paid much money for such work as that. He kept thinking of his beautiful home, of his happy life there, and how very, very wrong it had been for him to go away and spend all the money his father had given him in foolish and wicked ways. He was ashamed to go back to his father but he so wished he might be at home again.

One morning, as he was thinking about these things, he said to himself: "Even my father's servants have more food than they can eat and here am I so far away, almost dying of hunger. I will arise and go to my father and I will say unto him, 'Father, I have done very wrong and am not good enough to be your son any more, but won't you let me be your servant?'" So he started for his home.

Now all the time he had been gone, his father had grieved, for he loved his son dearly and longed for him to come back. At last when he stayed

away so long, he feared he was dead and that he should never see him again.

One day as he was walking a little way from home, he looked down the road and thought he saw his lost son. He could hardly believe his eyes, but he looked again and saw that it was really his boy. Then he ran toward him, tears of joy streaming from his eyes, threw his arms about him and kissed him, saying, "My son, my son!"

The boy, who was thin and pale, ragged and dirty, said: "Father, I have done so wrong that I am not good enough to be your son any more—"

But his father would not let him finish speaking; instead he called to the servants and said: "Bring out the best clothes you can find and put them on my son. Put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. Then invite all our friends to come and be glad with us, for my dear son, who was lost and whom I thought dead, is alive, and has come home again."

SUBJECT—JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

Mark 10:13-16.

PICTURE—CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN—HOFMANN.

SONGS—"I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY,"
(*From "Songs and Hymns for the Primary Sunday School," page 30.*)

AND "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN"—HOUSTIS D. HEWITT.
(*From "Choice Sacred Solos," edited by Oliver Ditson Company. This to be sung to the children.*)

STORY.

Last Sunday, children, you know that we had one of dear Jesus' beautiful stories about the father who loved his son and was so glad to have him come home again, even though he had wandered away and done wrong.

Jesus, also, loves all His children and to-day I want to tell you a story about His love for the little ones. In the country where his home was, there lived a dear mother and father and their four children. The mother's name was Hannah and she loved Jesus and had often heard Him tell His beautiful stories when He came near her home.

One morning she said to her husband: "I had such a beautiful dream last night. I thought that you and I were going to heaven and we had all the dear children with us. We saw no one we knew, but just as we were wondering which was the right

way to go, Jesus came toward us. He took baby Esther in His arms, put His hands lovingly upon the other children and said, 'I will lead you to heaven.' As we were all going with Him, I awoke.

Now, dear, I can have a part of my beautiful dream come true by taking the children to Jesus for Him to bless."

Her husband replied: "Don't you think you might trouble the dear Master, Hannah? His days

are very full as there are so many sick for Him to heal, so many in trouble for Him to comfort and He has so many wonderful lessons to teach the people. Do you think He would have time to give to the children?"

The dear mother answered: " Yes, I think He would like me to bring them, for I know how much He loves the little ones."

"Well, you might go, dear," said the father, "but if Jesus seems busy, I would not trouble Him."

So Hannah started, taking with her little Rachel, the boys, Samuel and John, and dear little baby Esther. As she walked on, she met some friends and when she told them where she was going, they decided to take their children, also, for Jesus to bless.

After a time they saw many, many people ahead of them and they felt sure Jesus would be among them. It was hard to get through the crowds, but slowly they pushed their way until at last they could see the kind, loving face of the Master, as He talked to the people.

Near Him stood His disciples, the men who loved Him and followed Him everywhere. As they saw Hannah and the other mothers, they asked, "What do you want?"

Hannah replied, "We are bringing our little children to Jesus that He may bless them."

The disciples said: "What nonsense! Can't you see how busy He is. He has grown people to teach and to heal and do you think that He can be troubled

with children? Take them right home where they belong."

In those days people did not love little children quite so much as they do now and I am sure the disciples really thought that Jesus would not wish to take time to have them brought to Him. But even though they had been with Him for so long a time, they did not yet know how loving and tender He was. Hannah and the other mothers turned away, greatly disappointed that they must take the children home without Jesus' blessing. But He heard the disciples speaking and He said to them: "It is you who are making a great mistake in sending these mothers away. They do just right when they bring their little ones to me, for I love all children."

Oh, how glad Hannah and the other mothers were to come closer to Him! He reached down and lifted dear little Esther in His arms and as He held her close, He laid His hand on Rachel's head and said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Then He said that all grown people must learn to be as sweet and pure and loving as these little children, if they would please the heavenly Father and be ready to live with Him in heaven.

When He had blessed each little child, the happy mothers turned homeward, and all their lives the story their children loved best to hear was the one of the wonderful day when Jesus "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."

SUBJECT—CHRIST IN ZACCHAEUS' HOUSE.

Luke 19:1-10.

PICTURE—THE MARRIAGE FEAST—PAOLO VERONESE.

STORY.

Children, did you know that Jesus wished to help bad people to be good, just as He longed to make all the sick ones well again? To-day I want to tell you of a man whom He helped to be honest and kind.

The man's name was Zacchæus. (I wonder if you can remember such a strange name as that. Would you like to say it after me?) He lived in a beautiful city called Jericho which had high walls around it.

In the city was a great palace with splendid gardens, where the king sometimes lived. There were gardens about all the houses, filled with roses, and so many beautiful, feathery palm trees that Jericho was called the "City of Palms." Springs of water kept everything so fresh and green that the whole place looked like fairyland. A few miles away was the Jordan River, where John had baptized Jesus, and beyond this rose the great mountains.

Many people were in the city; soldiers, traders, (those who came to buy and sell), priests, who helped in the churches, travellers and even wicked robbers.

One day Jesus had to pass through Jericho. You know that He had helped so many people that great crowds followed Him wherever He went. When those who lived in Jericho were told that He was coming, they hurried out to meet Him. Perhaps

they had heard of the wonderful things He had done for others and hoped He would help them, too. Dear mothers brought their babies for Him to bless, sick people came to be made well and others wished just to see Jesus and hear Him speak.

One of those who wanted to see Him was Zacchæus. He had not been a good man, as he had taken money that was not his and had done other wicked things, but perhaps he wanted to be better and hoped Jesus would help him. The people in

Jericho did not like Zacchæus, as they knew how bad he was. He was very short, not much bigger than a young boy, and when he tried to get through the crowds, people pushed him back. He wasn't tall enough to look over the heads of those about him, so what do you think he did? He climbed a great tree near his home, which was right on the street that he knew Jesus would take. Now he could see nicely and he thought no one would notice him.

After awhile Jesus came near, walking slowly because the streets were so crowded. The people wondered where He would stay while He was in Jericho. "Surely He will visit some great man," they said; "probably He will go to the home of some priest, or minister."

As Jesus went along, He often stopped to put His loving hand on a little child's head, or to touch and make well a blind or lame man. When He passed under the branches of the great tree which Zacchæus had climbed, He looked up and smiling kindly at the little man, He said: "Come down, Zacchæus, I want to go to your house."

Zacchæus could hardly believe what he heard. Was it possible that Jesus would visit him, a bad man with whom many people would have nothing to do! He hurried down from the tree and led Jesus to his home, so happy he could not speak.

But when the crowds saw where Jesus was going, they, too, were astonished. They cried out: "Can Jesus be willing to enter Zacchæus' house! Does He know what a bad man he is?"

Zacchæus had a large home as he was a rich man and I am sure he gave Jesus his best room and did all he could to make Him comfortable while He visited him.

And, children, Zacchæus did even more than this. He gave a great feast for Jesus and all His friends and while they were at the table, he arose before them all and said to Jesus: "Lord, I have been a wicked man; I have cheated people and taken money that did not belong to me, but I am very sorry and I am going to try to be better. I will give every one that I have cheated four times as much as I took from him and then I ill give half of everything I have left to poor people."

This made Jesus very happy and He said: "This is one of my dear children and I came into his home that I might help him to be good, for it is the bad, sinful people whom I always long to make better."

(The picture can be shown as representing the feast which Zacchæus gave to Jesus.)

SUBJECT—THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.

John 12:1-8; Mark 14:3-9.

PICTURE—BETHANY—HOFMANN.

SONG—"LOVING AND GIVING," last verse.
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 26.*)

STORY.

I want to tell you to-day, children, of some friends of Jesus whom He often visited and whom He loved very dearly. They were two sisters named Mary and Martha, and a brother whose name was Lazarus. They had a pleasant home in Bethany, a pretty little town near Jerusalem, and Jesus often stopped there and spent the night when He went to the great city. They loved to have Him come and would do everything they could to make Him comfortable and happy. Martha would bring Him fruit and refreshing drink, as you see her doing in the picture, while Mary, who was very gentle and loving, would take a low stool at His feet and looking up into His kind face, listen to all that He said.

One time a great sorrow came to these two sisters, for Lazarus, their only brother, was taken very sick. They sent this message to Jesus, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." They knew how dear Lazarus was to Jesus and they felt sure He would come and make him well. And, children, Jesus did come and Lazarus was made well and strong again and then

the dear sisters loved Jesus even more than they had done before.

You remember that I told you last Sunday of Zacchæus whom Jesus visited and helped to be a

better man. After leaving his home, Jesus came to Bethany where Martha, Mary and Lazarus lived. He was glad to reach their home for He was weary and it always rested Him to be with such loving friends as they were.

The day after he arrived a party was made for Him and Martha helped wait upon the table, as she wanted to serve Jesus in every way she could. Mary, too, longed to show how much she loved Him and she wondered what she could do. She remembered a beautiful little marble vase she had that cost a great deal of money. It was filled with perfume and to get this out, the vase had to be broken. Mary thought: "That is the most precious thing I have and perhaps it will be good enough to give to Jesus."

She went to get it and brought it back to the dining-room where all the guests were seated at the table. Their feet were bare, for, as I have told you, in those days each one took off his shoes, or sandals, when he entered the house.

Mary went softly toward Jesus and when she reached Him, she broke her lovely vase and put some of the perfume on His head and then poured all the rest over His feet. The delicious odor filled the room and every one looked up to see from whence it came. Usually only a few drops of such precious perfume were used, so they were all surprised to see that Mary had emptied her whole vase. One of the guests said: "How wasteful Mary is! She could have sold this perfume for a great deal of money and then helped many poor people."

But Jesus said: "Do not blame her, she has done well, for she has given me the most precious thing she had to show how much she loved me."

And, children, I think that Jesus wants us to remember not only to help poor people whenever we can, but also to make our dear friends happy.

He said that whoever heard of Him, would hear, also, of this beautiful thing that Mary had done for Him. Don't you think it made her very happy to have Jesus pleased with her gift?

SUBJECT—CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

PICTURE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM—PLOCKHORST.

Luke 19:29-38; Matt. 21:8, 9, 15.

SONGS—"THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA!"

(*From "Songs for Kindergarten and Primary Workers," Margaret Coote Brown, page 6.*)

AND "PALM BRANCHES"—J. FAURE.

(*This to be sung to the children.*)

STORY.

Many weeks ago I told you, children, of the first journey Jesus took to Jerusalem. He was a little boy then, just twelve years old, and He went with his father and mother to see the beautiful Temple. Would you like to hear to-day of another journey He made to this same city?

I told you last Sunday of the supper at Bethany, when Mary poured the precious perfume on Jesus' feet. The next morning Jesus asked two of His disciples to go on an errand. I think perhaps they were Peter, who was so ready to do things for Him, and John, who loved Him best of all. Jesus told them to go to a little town not far away where they would find a colt that no one had ever ridden, tied near a house. "Untie the colt," said Jesus, "and bring him to me, and if any one asks you why you do this, just say that I need him."

Peter and John were surprised, for it seemed strange that Jesus should know just where the colt

would be. Then, too, they wondered if the man who owned him would be willing to let them take him. But they went quickly on their errand, for they loved to do things for Jesus.

When they came to the little town there was the colt tied near his mother, just as Jesus said he would

be. As they were untying him, a man said, "What are you doing with that colt?"

Peter replied, "Jesus needs him."

"Oh, very well," said the man, "you may take him."

The disciples led the colt to Jesus and then they put their cloaks upon him to make a comfortable seat. I do not know that Jesus had ever ridden before except when, as a little baby, He had been taken

into Egypt in His mother's arms. Usually He walked or went on the lake in the little fishing boats. But on this day of which I am telling you, He mounted and rode slowly along, John leading the colt by his bridle. He was dressed all in white, His head was bare and the sunlight fell softly upon His long hair, making a bright light about His gentle, loving face.

Do you think He rode alone, children? Oh no, the crowds which were with Him when He visited Zacchæus, had still followed Him. As He rode along, they broke off branches from the trees and threw them in the road and they even took off their long cloaks and spread them down that He might ride over them, for a king should always ride on a carpet, so they tried thus to make one for Jesus. They were all so happy to be with Him that they shouted and sang, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed be our King!"

Then, children, they sang a song which was like that of the angels when Christ was born, "Peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

Meantime the people in Jerusalem had heard that Jesus was coming and they went out to meet Him. They broke the long, graceful palm branches from the trees and waved them, to show their joy, and when they met Jesus, they, too, joined in the glad cry, "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

I wish, children, we might have been with them. Wouldn't you like to have seen all the crowds of people, old men and young men in their bright colored garments, mothers with their babies and

little children dancing and scattering flowers before Jesus and all shouting, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" to show how glad they were. But most of all I know that you and I would like to have seen Jesus, Himself. I feel sure it made Him happy to see how much the people loved Him. He had done so much for them, and often He had been sad and weary because their sorrows had troubled Him, but to-day I think He was glad in their joy.

When He came to Jerusalem, He saw the wonderful Temple with its roof of gold and its beautiful marble walls. He loved it because it was His heavenly Father's house. He left the colt and went inside and there, too, the children crowded about Him, waving their palm branches and singing, "Hosanna! Hosanna!" Wouldn't you like to have sung it with them?

SUBJECT—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark 12:41-44.

PICTURE—THE WIDOW'S MITE—DORÉ.

SONG—"DROPPING PENNIES."
(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 31.*)

STORY.

Children, do you remember who gave something to Jesus in the story I told you two weeks ago? Yes, Mary. Can you tell me what her gift was? The sweet perfume. And do you remember why she gave it? Because she loved Jesus.

To-day I wish to tell you of another woman who also gave something. You remember the journey Jesus took to Jerusalem, of which you heard last Sunday, when all the people waved palm branches and shouted, "Hosanna!" because they were so glad to have Him with them. When He reached the beautiful Temple, He stayed a long time healing the sick and talking to those who were gathered about Him.

At last He started to leave, but as He was passing through one of the courts, or halls, He sat down for a moment to rest. He was very weary, as He had had a busy day. Opposite where He sat was a box into which people put the money they wished to give to the Lord.

As Jesus sat watching, many dropped money into the box as they passed by. Some were rich men who took out their gold pieces and held them so every one could see how much they gave. Then

they listened to hear what a loud ring their money made, as it fell into the box, and they hoped that everbody would think they were very good to give so much.

Among the others came a poor woman and I want to tell you a little about her. Her husband was dead and she had to work very hard to get food to eat and clothes to wear, but she kept wishing she had something to give to the Lord. One night she decided she could go without her supper and save the money it would cost. Then perhaps she went to bed in the dark and made her little candle last longer. I am sure she did some very hard things before she could save even a little money.

But at last she had some to give, so she came this morning when Jesus was watching, went very quietly up to the box and dropped in two tiny pieces of money, both of which wouldn't make one of our pennies. If any one had noticed her, I think they would have said, "How little she gave."

But Jesus called His disciples to Him and asked: "Did you see that woman? She has really given more than all those rich men."

The disciples were much surprised, for they had noticed what tiny pieces of money the poor woman had put in the box and they had seen all the gold the rich men had brought.

Jesus said: "The rich men gave money that they did not need; they did not have to work any harder, nor go without anything they wanted, to give it. But this poor woman gave all she had; she has worked and really suffered to bring this gift to God."

How many of you, children, earn the pennies you bring to Sunday School? I am glad some of you do this. Can you tell me what you do to earn them?

(Draw out answers from different ones.) How many just ask papa or mamma to give you a penny to bring? Well, wouldn't you all like to *earn* your pennies this week? I think Jesus would be pleased if you did this and I'm sure papa and mamma would help you think of some way you could do it. Next Sunday I shall be so glad to hear what you have done.

SUBJECT—THE KIND MOTHER HEN.

Matthew 23 :37.

PICTURE—TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES—ELIZABETH GARDNER.

STORY.

One time, children dear, Jesus wanted to tell those about Him how tenderly He loved them. He thought, "How can I make them know how great my love is?"

Just then I think He happened to see a mother hen clucking to her chickens, who ran quickly to her and cuddled under her wings. Jesus watched her a moment and then He said: "I love you all just as that hen loves her chickens and I wish I might gather you closely about me, just as she gathers her little ones under her wings."

Would you like to hear to-day a "really truly" story* I read once of a mother hen who was loving and kind not only to her own chickens, but to some birdies, also?

Once upon a time, away across the ocean, in a country called England, a strange sound was heard in the stable which stood near a farmhouse.

"Peep, peep! Peep, peep!" piped four little voices, as four little chicks scrambled out of their shells and

*"Henny Penny's Starlings." Founded on fact. By Mary Senior Clark. From "Hand and Eye."

looked out into the world for the first time in their little lives.

"Click-a-clucky!" said Mother Speckle (who was so called because little brown spots were speckled all

over her white feathers), "so here you are at last. What, are there no more than four of you? Well, well, I am glad you are come! But cuddle in, cuddle in, my dears; it is a cold world just now for babies like you."

Speckle sat in the stable, snuggled in among the straw; but outside the frost was hard, and the ground was covered with snow.

"Mother," cried little Ben, running into the farm-house kitchen, "Speckle has some chickens. I know she has, for I went into the stable just now to see whether Brown Bess had hay enough, and I heard them cry, 'Peep, peep!' "

"Thank you, Ben," said his mother; "then we will carry them some groats and warm milk for their supper; they will need something to keep out the cold, for there is going to be a bitter frost to-night."

"Polly go, too! Polly go, too!" cried Ben's little sister, pulling at her mother's skirts.

"Yes," said her mother, "Polly shall go, too; but she must come and let mother wrap her up warm, for it is so cold."

Out in the yard the rooster was walking about, looking much disgusted with things in general, and lifting his feet very high out of the snow. The hens cowered in the barn doorway and watched the rooster, grumbling every now and then to one another: "How cold it is! I don't like the snow. I do wish it would go away!"

On the cow-house roof sat six starlings,* as close together as they could sit, not chattering together as starlings usually do, but silent and sad. The farm boy came by, and set down in the yard a tin pan full of water, taking away the one already there, which was now filled with a solid block of ice. At sight of the water the starlings moved a little, and

*Birds very common about English barns and dwellings.

one of them flew down, alighting close to the tin pan.

"Crrrrr! Get away," said the rooster, "this water is mine!"

"Yes, my lord," said the starling, "but we are hungry and thirsty; let us take a little."

"Go away! You don't belong here," said the rooster.

"No, my lord," said the starling, "we are come here from our home because the water is all turned to stone, and the earth is turned to stone, also, and the snow is over everything, and we can find neither food nor drink."

"Go somewhere else," said the rooster; "this water is for me and my hens. Crrrrr!"

The starling flew back to the cow-house roof, and at that moment the mother and her children crossed the yard, carrying Speckle's supper of groats and warm milk.

"How good it smells!" said the starlings; and they flew a little nearer.

"Oh, mother!" said Ben, in the stable, "Speckle has only four chicks and last time she had thirteen."

"That is because of the cold," said his mother. "The frost has chilled all the rest. Come, we must make haste back; it is time to take the bread out of the oven."

As soon as she and the children had gone, Speckle began her supper. "Cluck, cluck, cluck," she said. "Come and eat chickies! come and eat! Good supper, nice warm milk. Cluck, cluck, cluck! pick it

up," and she caught up some little bits and flung them down, clucking and calling.

The little chickens did pick up some, but they were too young to care to eat much as yet, and they were soon glad to creep under her warm feathers again and cuddle cosily in.

Then Speckle was aware of some dark objects moving on the stable floor. Was it mice? She looked up; no, it was starlings.

"Dear me," she said, "I never saw starlings come in like this before."

The starlings crept closer. "O great hen," said they, "may we drink from your saucer? We are hungry and thirsty. The water is all turned to stone, the earth is stone, also, and we can find neither food nor drink."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Speckle, "come here, then; eat and drink."

The starlings did not need to be invited twice. In an instant six little dark heads were around the saucer of milk, and soon there was not a drop nor a crumb remaining.

Speckle watched them. "Why, you poor things," she said, "you are so stiff with cold that you can hardly walk or fly. Come here under my wings and I will keep you warm. Come, there is room for all."

Speckle spread out her kind, motherly wings, and the starlings crept joyfully beneath them. Oh, how warm and soft and nice it was there! Very soon they were fast asleep, chickens and starlings and Speckle and all.

The mother was busy the next morning, and she sent Meg, the maid, to the stable with Speckle's breakfast. Little Polly went with her, that she might have another look at the dear, little, round, white, fluffy chicks, but very soon she came flying back to the kitchen. "Mamma, Mamma," she cried, "come and look! Speckle has a lot more chickens, so big and so black! Come and see!"

Lots of chickens? Big and black?—what could that mean? Polly's mother ran to the stable, and when she saw Speckle and the chickens and the starlings, all breakfasting there together, she cried, "Well, well, well!" several times over, and called papa to come and look. "Wouldn't you say the hen understood all about the frost," she said, "and how hard the poor birds find it to get a living? I, too, will help them."

So she went in and mixed a bowl of the oatmeal on which she fed her poultry, and put it outside,—not in the yard where the hens and ducks might get it, but in the front garden, and she put a pan of water with it, and other starlings came to it, and blackbirds and robins, and little tomtits with their funny spectacled faces.

When the starlings had had their breakfast with Speckle, they flew away for the day, but at supper time there they were again, and when they had finished, they stood and looked at her, as if to say, "May we?"

"Come, then," said Speckle, spreading out her wings.

"Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep! But they must not take our places," cried the four little chicks.

"Pop in quickly and choose your own places, then," said Speckle, "and you will be all right."

So the little chicks bustled under in a great hurry, and cuddled in beneath her soft, downy breast; and then came the starlings and cuddled in also. Ben and Polly, who were looking on, laughed to see how fast the chickens ran to make sure of getting the places they liked best.

Every night as long as the frost lasted, the six starlings came to the stable and shared the supper and breakfast, and slept warm and cosy beneath Speckle's kind wings. The mother took care that they had a plentiful meal, and when any visitors came to the farm at supper time she always took them out to the stable and showed them Speckle's starlings.

At last the snow melted, the waters flowed again, and the earth was no longer a stone. Then the starlings came to Speckle and said: "Good-bye, good, kind Speckle, we are going to our homes now, and soon we shall be building nests of our own; but if ever earth and water should turn to stone again, we shall come back to you."

Away flew the starlings to the woods and fields, and built nests and laid eggs and reared little ones of their own, and when the nestlings grew fidgety and would not keep quiet unless they were told a story, the one they always liked best to hear was the story of that terrible time of cold, when earth and

water turned to stone, and snow covered all the land; and how kind Speckle took pity on them, and gave them food and warmth and shelter.

In the picture you can see Polly and her mother watching Speckle and some other little chickens that she had the next summer.

SUBJECT—THE WISE PANSY.

Matthew 25:14-29.

PICTURE—PANSIES.

SONG—"THE DAISY"—(Change Daisy to Pansy),
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 101.*)

OR "MY HEART IS GOD'S LITTLE GARDEN."
(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 2, page 2.*)

STORY.

(This story can be used as a symbolic illustration of Matthew 25:14-29, or in connection with the spring thought when Jesus' love of flowers is mentioned. If told in the spring, introduce thus:)

Children, how many of you have flower gardens? What flowers have you in yours? And you? And you? Do you know that we have another garden, also,—every one of us? Where do you suppose it is? Your heart is a little garden and it belongs to the dear heavenly Father. Would you like to learn a song about it?

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the flowers growing there every day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

To-day I want to tell you a story about a king's garden. It is one I heard sometime ago and I do not know who wrote it.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a wise and good king who loved his people and tried to make them happy. He liked to travel through all

parts of his kingdom and he had kind words for every one he met.

All his people loved him and to show their love they built beautiful palaces for him in different parts of his kingdom. Those living upon the mountains built a palace for him high up on the mountains, and

those living in the valleys built one for him nestled down at the foot of the great hills, until at last his palaces were scattered all over the land.

There was one palace in which he spent more time than in any of the others and he loved it best because it stood in the midst of a beautiful garden filled with trees, vines and flowers which had been planted for him. He would often walk in this garden or sit in the shade of the trees.

One morning he went out as usual to walk there and as he stopped to admire a beautiful vine, what was his surprise to see it drooping and withered! In his disappointment and grief, he cried out: "Oh, my lovely vine, what has happened to you?"

The vine answered: "Dear King, it is so little I can do for you that I am discouraged. I cannot blossom like the rose, nor grow tall like the tree. I can only cling here in this feeble way and so I thought I didn't wish to live any longer."

The king said nothing, but passed on and soon he came to a rose bush which only the day before he had found covered with fragrant roses. As he now stopped to pick one, lo! it fell to pieces in his hand. After gazing a moment in surprise, he said, "My lovely rose, are you, too, drooping?"

The rose raised her head and said timidly: "Yes, my King, I wanted to do something for you and I tried so hard to grow tall like the tree, but I could not. I could only be a rose and so I gave up trying to please you."

Again the king bowed his head and passed on. Next he came to a tree which had for a long time

been his pride and joy. When he saw that it, too, was drooping, he cried aloud in his grief, "Oh, my tree, my pride, are you, also, dying?"

The tree said: "Yes, O King, I do so little for you. I cannot blossom like the rose and I take up so much room in the garden that I thought I would give my place to some one who could serve you better."

The king, now sad at heart, turned to go to the palace and as he walked along with bowed head, he saw something fresh and bright at his feet. As he looked again, a little pansy lifted her head and turned her shining face toward him. "Oh, my dear little pansy," said the king, "you are still here as bright and beautiful as ever!"

"Yes, O King," replied the pansy, "I heard the vine, the rose and the tree talking and I wondered what *I* could do to please you. But, as I thought about it, I decided that when you planted a vine, you wanted just a vine, and when you planted a rose, it was a rose you wished, and when you planted me, you wanted just a pansy, so I'm going to try to be the sweetest, dearest little pansy that I can."

SUBJECT—THE TALENTS.

Matthew 25:14-29.

PICTURE—THE PET BIRD—MEYER VON BREMEN.

SONG—"BLESSINGS ON EFFORT."

(*From "Song Stories for the Kindergarten"—M. J. and P. S. Hill, page 26; also in "Song Stories for the Sunday School," Misses Hill, page 8.*)

STORY.

I want to tell you to-day, children, a story which I think will help you understand one of the beautiful ones Jesus told to His disciples. Sometime, when you are older, I hope you will read Jesus' own story in the Bible.

Once there was a man who had four children whom he loved very dearly. The oldest was a boy named Will and he was such a dear brother that the other children were always very happy to be with him. Then there were two girls, Susie and Dora, and a little brother, John.

One spring their father had to leave his home and take a long journey that would keep him away all summer. Before leaving, he wished to have a little talk with his children. He found them in the dining-room playing with their canary bird, which was so tame that, as you can see in the picture, it stood on Will's finger while it pecked at a lump of sugar. The children were so interested watching the birdie

that their father had to speak twice before they heard him. Then they crowded about him while he told them his plan.

He said he wished to give to each of them some money and while he was away they might see what they could do with it. To Will, he gave fifty cents; to Susie, twenty-five; to Dora, ten; and to little John, five cents. He then bade them good-bye and started on his journey. The children were all so pleased

with his gifts and at once began to plan how they would spend their money.

Will decided he would have a vegetable garden, so he asked his mother for a part of their yard, which she willingly gave him. He prepared the ground very carefully and then planted the seeds which he had bought with his fifty cents. There were radishes, peas, beans, beets and other vegetables. Every day he worked in his garden, watering and weeding it and keeping it free from bugs.

After awhile the little green plants appeared and how happy Will was! He watched them grow larger and larger and at last he could pick the lettuce, radishes and other vegetables. Some he sold to mamma, who was glad to buy of him instead of the grocer, and others he sold to their neighbors. When the summer was over, he found he had a whole dollar; just twice as much money as his papa had given him.

Meanwhile Susie, too, had been busy. She took her twenty-five cents to mamma and asked what she could do with it. Mamma suggested that she needed some dish towels and would be glad to buy them of her little girl. Susie went with mamma to a store and bought some cloth and then sewed very faithfully, day after day, until she had made five towels. Mamma paid her ten cents for each one, so she had fifty cents, twice as much as her papa had given her.

Dear little John didn't know what to do with his five cents, but his brother Will offered to help him make a little flower garden. 'Twas a cunning little bed and in it he planted some pansy seeds which he

had bought with his money. He waited and waited and then one morning he dug down in the earth to see if the seeds were going to grow! He was such a little fellow it was hard for him to be patient and wait. But Brother Will covered the seeds carefully again and told him they must be left dark and quiet.

After awhile tiny green plants really could be seen and later lovely pansies blossomed on them. John was the happiest little boy you could find. He picked the pretty flowers and made them into tiny bouquets which he sold for a penny apiece. Before the summer was over he had ten pennies, so he, too, had twice as much money as his papa had given him.

But Dora, instead of trying to make more money with her ten cent piece, decided she would just keep it carefully, so she put the pretty silver dime away in a safe place.

When papa returned in the fall, the children ran to meet him, saying again and again how glad they were to have him back. He soon asked what they had done with their money. Will, to whom he turned first, told of his vegetables; of the care he had taken to prepare the ground, to plant the seeds and water and weed the beds, so the plants would grow. He then showed, instead of the fifty cents given him, a new dollar bill.

"Well done, my son," said his father, "you have shown that you know how to use money, so I shall give you more."

Then Susie told of the cloth she had bought, from which she had made towels, and showed the fifty cents mamma had given her for them.

"Well done, my daughter," said papa, "you, too, have spent your money wisely and can be trusted with more."

Little John now showed his ten pennies and said: "See, Papa, I bought some pansy seeds and I waited and waited for them to grow and at last they did and had pretty flowers and I picked them and made some bouquets and people gave me all these pennies for them." The little fellow was so eager to tell of his work that he talked so fast papa could hardly understand him.

Papa smiled and said: "Well done, my little boy, you were not too small to know what to do with your pennies and you, too, shall have others to spend."

Meantime Dora had hung back, but now papa turned to her, saying, "Well, Dora, what did you do with your money?"

"Oh, Papa," she said, "I thought it was such a little piece you had given me—just ten cents—that it was too small to do anything with it, so I put it away carefully in this little box in my drawer and here it is."

Her father looked grieved as she gave him the money, and said: "I am sorry, my little girl, you have not learned that much can be done with even little things. As you did not use your money, I must take it away and give it to Will, who I am sure can spend it wisely. Perhaps some other time I will give you another chance."

SUBJECT—THE LEAST OF THESE.

Matthew 25 :40.

PICTURE—GIOVANNI—DOLCI.

SONG—"SERVING THE KING,"—fifth and sixth verses.

(*From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 106.*)

STORY.

(Adapted from Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful.")

Jesus once told a story, children, to show how those who loved Him could still work for Him, even after He went back to heaven. He said that if one should see a poor person hungry and give him food, or thirsty and give him drink, or ragged and give him clothing, or sick and care for him, it would be just the same as if these things were done to Himself. I want to read you Jesus' own words: "Inasmuch as you have done these things to one of the least" (or poorest) "of these, my brethren" (He calls poor people His brothers and sisters), "you have done them to me." Isn't it beautiful to think that by doing kind acts to poor people, we are really doing them to Jesus, Himself?

Jesus said, also, children, that if one did not do helpful things—such as feeding those who were hungry, clothing those who were ragged, and caring for those who were sick—it was the same as if He

had been left to suffer. Jesus' own story I am sure you will like to read when you are older, but to-day I want to tell you a beautiful one which Longfellow wrote.

Many years ago in a country far away from here, men who wished to please God used sometimes to go away by themselves and live in a great building, called a monastery. These men were called monks and they spent their time praying to God and doing

kind, helpful things for people. They lived in tiny little rooms, called cells, ate simple food and wore coarse clothes, so as to have more money to give away.

One of these monks was alone one noontime in his cell. He knelt down on the cold stone floor and prayed, asking God to forgive him for all he had done that was wrong and to help him to be more loving and kind.

Suddenly the little cell became as bright as if lightning had flashed in the sky and a Vision of Christ appeared in the room. A bright light shone about Him and He smiled upon the Monk. He looked just as He did when He lived on earth and went about healing the lame, the deaf and the blind.

The Monk's eyes filled with tears of joy as he saw Christ. As he knelt there with his hands crossed upon his breast, worshipping this wondrous Vision, he said, "Who am I, Lord, that Thou shouldest come from heaven, Thy home, to visit me in my poor cell?"

But as he prayed, suddenly the monastery bell loudly rang out, "Bim, bam! bim, bam!" It called the poor people, the blind and lame and all the beggars of the street, to come to the monastery to get their daily food. The Monk, who knelt worshipping the beautiful Vision, was the one who always gave them this food.

When he heard the bell he hesitated, not knowing what to do. How could he let the poor, hungry people stand waiting at the gate, and yet how could he leave his heavenly Guest to go to those beggars?

As he was trying to decide, a little voice in his heart whispered:

"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

He knew it was his duty to feed the poor, so he started at once to his feet and, with a last look at the Blessed Vision, he slowly left his cell and went on his errand of mercy.

The poor people were waiting at the gate, looking hungrily through the iron grating. When they received the food, it seemed to them that it tasted better than it ever had before. The Monk, as he gave it to them, thought of all they had to suffer, those poor people who had no homes or food, and who were often cold and ill, and he felt so sorry for them. Again the voice in his heart whispered:

"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me!"

He was very glad to remember that, in giving to the beggars, he really gave to Christ.

When all the hungry people had been fed, the Monk hurried back to his cell and lo! as he came near, he saw the same wonderful light shining from his little room. He paused at the threshold, for there stood the Vision of Christ, still standing where he had left Him when he was called to feed the poor.

For a whole hour Christ had waited for him to return.

As he fell again upon his knees, the Vision said, "If you had not gone to feed the poor and hungry, I could not have stayed, but in serving them you served me."

SUBJECT—THE BEAUTIFUL VISION.

John 14:21, 23.

PICTURE—SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA—MURILLO.

STORY.

Last Sunday I told you, children, of the monk to whom the Vision of Christ came. Would you like to hear to-day of another monk who had a beautiful vision?

Many, many years ago and far away from here, in a country called Italy, a lovely boy came to his parents. They were wealthy people and they did all they could to make their darling happy. As he grew older, he became more and more beautiful, until his face looked like that of an angel. He was so gentle and sweet, so glad and joyous that every one loved him. He thought often about God and he wanted to please Him.

When he was fifteen, he decided he would leave his beautiful home, his parents who loved him so dearly and all his kind friends and go into a monastery. You remember I told you last Sunday that this was a place where men called monks lived that they might study about God and help the sick and poor who came to them. It was hard for Anthony (this was the beautiful boy's name) to leave all that

he loved, but he felt that God wished him to do this.

His life was very different in the monastery; instead of having a large room, beautifully furnished,

he had a tiny cell with a stone floor, in which was only a little hard bed, and instead of having many good things to eat, he had only the plainest food. He did not complain, however, but was gentle and loving as he had been at home and quick to do whatever the monks wished. He studied the Bible so

carefully that at last he knew it all by heart, and he often helped people by telling them what Jesus had said. He wore a white robe as did the other monks and spent his time studying the Bible, praying to God and helping the poor and needy. His friends came sometimes to see him for they loved him and missed him very much when he went away.

After he had been in this monastery many years, he decided he would go to live with other monks who were even poorer. Instead of wearing a white robe, he now had a coarse, plain, brown one, tied about his waist with a cord of rope. His bed was a pile of straw, his pillow a stone and for food he had only bread and water. He was too far away ever to see the friends who loved him and he missed them, as they did him.

He now began to preach to people and he had such a beautiful voice and tender, earnest face that every one loved to hear him. When he told them they must be good and love God and help others, they knew that he, himself, did all these things. Often people would cry when they heard him preach, because they would remember how bad they had been and they would wish to be better.

As Anthony passed along the street, the poor people, whom he had so often helped, would look gratefully at him and little children would run to meet him, for they knew he loved them. He was so gentle and loving, he, himself, was like a little child. When he saw children, he remembered that Jesus had once been a little Child and he so wished he might have seen Him.

One time he was visiting a friend in a city called Padua. When he went to his room, he put his Bible on a large table, knelt down and then read some words Jesus had spoken: "If a man love me, I will love him, and will come to him."

Anthony prayed: "Oh, dear Jesus, Thou knowest that I love Thee; wilt Thou not come to me?"

As he prayed, children, a light shone about him which was as bright as if the room had been on fire. He opened his eyes and there on the Bible stood a little Child, the loveliest he had ever seen. As Anthony looked toward Him, the Child nestled close to his breast and put His little hands upon his face. Then He whispered: "Dear Anthony, I am the Christ Child and I have come to show my love for you, because you love me and have been so kind, helpful and loving to others."

Anthony was too happy to speak. He could hardly believe that it was really the wonderful Christ Child whom he thus held close to his heart. As he gazed upon Him, sweet music filled the room and many, many angels floated down toward the Child, who still lay in Anthony's arms. After awhile the dear Baby and the angels went back to heaven, but whenever Anthony knelt in prayer, it seemed as if he again felt the loving little hands upon his face and saw the Child's beautiful smile.

For many years he worked for the poor and needy and helped every one who came to him and when at last he went up to heaven to be with God, people called him Saint Anthony because he had been so kind and loving.

SUBJECT—JESUS AND HIS MOTHER.

Luke 1:38; 2:19; John 2:3-5; 19:26, 27.

PICTURE—CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER—PLOCKHORST.

STORY.

Do you remember, children, what we have heard of dear Mary, the mother of Jesus? First, the Bible tells us that the beautiful angel came to her and told her that she was to be more blessed than any other woman because the Christ Child was to be given to her. We know that she was very happy when she heard this wonderful news and that she said she was ready for whatever God should send her.

A little while after that she went to visit her cousin and there she sang such a happy song. She said she wanted to praise God and rejoice because He had blessed her by promising her the Child that should bring joy to all the world. Then when the shepherds came to see the dear Baby and the Wise Men brought Him gifts, the Bible says that Mary remembered all these strange things and used often to think about them.

As Jesus grew older, we know what loving care she took of Him and what happy days He spent in that little home in Nazareth. I don't know what any little boy would do without his dear mother. No one else would love him so much, nor care for

him so tenderly, and I think Mary loved her dear little Son even more than other mothers love theirs. I know it must have been a great joy to her to tell Him stories and teach Him verses from the Bible.

When Jesus grew older, you remember that His dear father went to the heavenly home and then Jesus worked for His mother and cared for her as she had done for Him. She used to come to Him in every trouble, knowing that He could always help

her. You remember that at the wedding in Cana she told Him there was no more wine, feeling sure He could in some way get it, and He did help the people out of their trouble by turning the water into wine.

When Jesus began to go about from place to place, healing the sick and teaching people what was right to do, He had to leave His home and He could not often return to it. I think this must have been hard for both Jesus and His mother, as I feel sure they missed each other very much. Sometimes Mary would come to the place where He was teaching and with other women, stay near Him. Oh, how glad He must have been to see her, for no one loves quite like a mother, and He was made happy, I know, by His mother's love.

But, children, after awhile Jesus knew that He must go back to heaven and so He had to say good-bye to all His friends. 'Twas hardest of all for Him to bid His mother good-bye. In the picture you see how lovingly He looks at her, while she gazes at His dear face as if she could not let Him go. But I am sure He said: "It will only be a little while, Mother dear, that you need wait and then you, too, will come to heaven and we shall always be together."

Then He called the disciple whom He loved best (do you remember who that was? Yes, John) and said: "John, I want you to take my dear mother to your home and be a son to her in my place. And,

Mother," He said, "will you not love John and be a mother to him, as you have been to me." John was so glad that Jesus had asked him to do this for Him and he led Mary very tenderly to his own home and I know he always loved her and tried to make her happy.

SUBJECT—CHRIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS DISCIPLES.

Luke 22:8-20; John 13-17.

PICTURE—THE LAST SUPPER—DA VINCI.

STORY.

I told you last Sunday, children, that when dear Jesus knew He was going back to heaven, He bade His mother good-bye. It was very hard for Him to leave her and He found it hard to leave the twelve disciples, also, who had been with Him so long and whom He so dearly loved.

He wished to have a last supper with them and so He told Peter and John to go to Jerusalem, where they would meet a servant carrying a pitcher of water. "Follow him," said Jesus, "and when he reaches his master's house, ask the owner if I may have a room where I may have supper with my disciples. He will show you a large room upstairs, where you can prepare for us."

The two disciples started, met the servant carrying the pitcher just as Jesus had said, and when they reached the house and asked for the room, the owner, who perhaps knew and loved Jesus, was quite willing to let them have it. When Jesus and the other disciples came, a little later, they found that Peter and John had the supper all ready for them.

But I must tell you something that made Jesus sad. As they went to the table, some of the disciples began to quarrel, as each wanted to sit near Jesus. I wonder if any of us, children, ever want the best places and forget to be loving and unselfish. Jesus said nothing, but He arose and did a very strange thing. The disciples had taken off their sandals, as I have told you people always did when

they entered a house, and their feet were dusty and dirty. Often a servant washed the guests' feet as they came in, but there was no servant in that upper room. Think how astonished the disciples were to see Jesus, Himself, bend over and wash the feet of each one, wiping them carefully with a towel.

When He had finished, He said in such a tender voice: "I know you love me and wish to be like me. Now if I am willing to serve you, even by washing your feet, will you not be kind and loving to each other? Do not try to get the best places and

the nicest things for yourselves, but learn to think of others."

I am sure each one felt sorry he had wanted the best place and thought he would try to be more unselfish.

I wish I could tell you, children, of all the loving words that Jesus said to His diciples as they sat there at the table. John has written many of them in the Bible and when you are older, I know you will love to read and learn them. I will give you a few of them now.

Jesus said, "My little children, as I have loved you, so I want you to love each other." (He called those grown men, little children, because He loved them so much.)

Then He told them He must leave them and go back to heaven. They were very sad and felt they could not have Him go, but Jesus said: "Do not be troubled, because I go to make a home for you and then you can all come and be with me forever. I will still be near you, even though you cannot see me, and you can pray to me, asking for what you wish. I want you to have peace, happiness and great joy and I hope you will be brave, strong men, because your are my friends."

Then, children, Jesus prayed for His disciples. He asked God to make them love each other, to keep them from doing wrong and to give them joy and happiness. Would you not like to have been with Jesus then? I wish I might have seen His dear face and heard His loving voice, asking the heavenly Father to bless me. Do you know that He really

did ask God to bless you and me and every one who loved him? He asked God to bring all of us to heaven to be with Him.

Until Jesus came, people did not know what a beautiful place heaven was, nor how happy every one would be who went there. But now we are sure that we shall be with Jesus, so we are glad to go, and though we cannot help being lonely when God calls our dear friends to leave us, we must remember how happy they are up in heaven. The Bible tells us there will be no sorrow nor trouble there; no one will ever get cross or tired or sick, but there will be such joy and happiness as we have never known here.

After Jesus had prayed, they had a simple supper and as they ate, Jesus said, "When you eat bread and drink wine, I want you always to remember how I have loved you and what I have done for you."

What a sad, yet happy supper it must have been! How the disciples must have longed to have Jesus stay with them and yet how glad they must have felt that they should go to Him in heaven.

Children, sometimes in church do you see people taking bread and wine? They are doing this because they love Jesus and want to remember that last supper which He took with His disciples, when He prayed for them and for all of those who loved Him. I hope some time each one of you dear children will take this bread and wine in church, because you, too, love dear Jesus and want to remember all He has done for you.

SUBJECT—THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S WONDERFUL LOVE.

John 10:11.

PICTURE—THE GOOD SHEPHERD—PLOCKHORST.

SONG—"SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US," first verse only.
(*From "Childhood Songs," page 35.*)

I think that the death of Christ, if given at all to children of Kindergarten age, should be presented symbolically. In my own Kindergarten, I used the beautiful story of "The Good Shepherd," found in "One Year of Sunday School Lessons for Young Children," by Florence U. Palmer, page 184, and as an illustration this picture of Plockhörst.

I had the aria, "He shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd," from Handel's "Messiah," sung once more to the children, both from its appropriateness to the subject and also as a connection with the lesson for the following Sunday.

SUBJECT—JESUS' RETURN TO HEAVEN.

Matthew 28:19, 20; Luke 24:50, 51; Acts 1:9-11.

PICTURE—ASCENSION OF CHRIST—BIERMAN.

STORY.

(This story is planned for Easter Sunday.)

Children, do you remember the little boy, George Frederick Handel, of whom I told you many, many weeks ago, who was so fond of music? (Review briefly Handel's life, as told in "The Christmas Story in Music.") You know that when he became a man, he wrote many of the beautiful Bible stories, his mother had told him, in music. The one he wrote best because he loved it most was the story of Jesus. We had the beginning of this played for us, the song the angels sang when Christ was born. Then we heard the song about the Shepherd, which Handel wrote, sung last Sunday. To-day I wish you to hear the part that tells about the first Easter, when Jesus went back to heaven.

When He had said good-bye to His dear disciples, Jesus led them to a place near Bethany where Martha, Mary and Lazarus lived whom He loved to visit. Here He asked them to tell every one about Him, and His love for the whole world. Then He said that though they could not see Him any more, He should not be far away and His last words were, "Lo, I am with you alway."

As they listened, gathering closely about Him, so they could look up into His dear face and hear every word, He spread out His hands and blessed them. Then slowly He rose up into the air, higher and

higher, above the trees, above the hills and mountains, until, as they gazed, a soft cloud hid Him from their sight. But it seemed as if they heard the angels singing a glad song of welcome, as He reached the gates of heaven.

As they listened, two angels appeared to them and said that, as Jesus had gone up into heaven, so He should come again from heaven. And, children, we, too, are waiting for the glad day when Jesus shall come again.

Now I want you to hear the music which Handel wrote. He thought that as Jesus came near Heaven, some of the angels floated down to meet Him. As they returned with Him and drew near the gates of heaven, they sang: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in." (That means that they asked the angels in heaven to open the gates wide, so Jesus, the King, could come in.)

"Who is the King of Glory?" asked those in heaven.

"The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory," sang those who were with Jesus. Now listen and hear this music. (If it is not possible to have the chorus sung, the instrumental music alone may be played. The children can easily hear the questions and answers in this.)

Then, when Jesus had entered the gates, Handel thought that all on earth and all in heaven joined in a glad song of praise, singing over and over, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" because Jesus is "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." This music is so beautiful, and when people listen to it they always rise to their feet and it seems to them as if they could look into heaven and hear the angels singing. Now listen as the joyous words are sung, "Hallelujah! Hallelu-

jah!" (This music, also, can be given on the piano alone, if the chorus cannot be rendered. My children listened very attentively while it was played, and when I asked, "Did you hear the Hallelujah?" one and another replied, "I heard it," "I heard it.")

Some day I hope, children, you can all hear this whole beautiful story told in music, just as Handel wrote it.

SUBJECT—"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

Matthew 28:20.

PICTURE—OMNIPRESENCE OF CHRIST—HOFMANN.

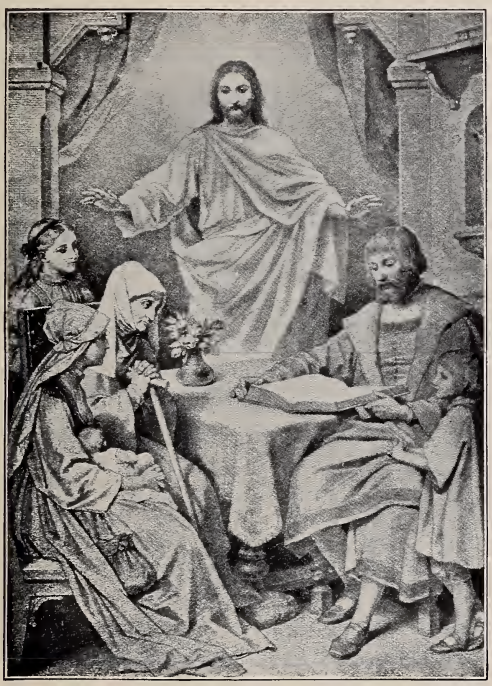
SONG—"GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME."
(*From "Songs for Little Children," volume 2, page 3.*)

STORY.

What day was last Sunday, children? Yes, Easter. What happened on the first Easter day? Jesus went back to heaven. Do you remember how glad the angels were to welcome Him and how they sang, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah?" Many people used to think often of dear Jesus, after He had left them, and of what He wished them to do. To-day I want to tell you of a family that loved Him and tried to please Him. There were in this family a father, mother, grandmother and three children. One morning they decided that each one would try to do something to please Jesus that day.

When evening came and they had eaten their supper, the father told what he had done. He said he had seen a poor horse trying to draw a heavy load up a steep hill. As the wagon came to a muddy place, the wheels stuck and though the horse pulled and pulled, he could not move it. The father thought of the words of Jesus, "Blessed are the merciful," so he went out into the road and pushed against the wheel. Some other men, who saw what

he was trying to do, came to help and when they all pushed, the wheels came out of the mud and the horse started the load.



Then the mother said that she had heard a knock, as she was busy in the kitchen, and when she opened the door, there was a poor man who asked for some food. She remembered Jesus had said that if we fed any one who was hungry, it was the same as

though we gave food to Him, so she gladly gave the poor man some breakfast.

Then the dear grandmother spoke. She said she could not go out and no one had come to her, but she saw that the mother was tired, so she had taken the baby and had cared for him while the mother rested. As she held the dear little child, she remembered how Jesus loved little children and took them in His arms and blessed them.

Then the little sister said that as she was going to school, some boys threw snow balls at her and knocked off her hat. She was about to speak angrily to them when she remembered Jesus' Golden Rule, that we must do unto others as we wish them to do to us, so she called out merrily, "I, too, can throw snow balls."

The boys, who had meant to tease her, laughed and said, "Fire away," and soon they were all having a merry play.

Last of all the little brother told his story. He said that, as he was going to school, he had seen an old woman carrying a heavy basket up a steep hill. He knew that she must be some one's grandmother and that he wouldn't want his dear grandma to carry so heavy a burden. He remembered, too, that Jesus was always ready to help every one that needed Him. So he ran up to the old woman and said, "Let me carry your basket up the hill for you."

She smiled and said: "Thank you, my dear little fellow; it will be such a help to me if you will take it."

When they reached her house, she said: "God bless you, my dear boy, and make you as happy as you have made me."

When the stories were all told, the father took the Bible and read from it the last words Jesus had spoken before He went back to heaven, "Lo, I am with you alway." Then he said: "I think dear Jesus is with us, even though we cannot see Him. Let us kneel down and thank Him for all His blessings."

You see in the picture that Jesus really was with them, and so He is with us, children dear, all the time. At night, when your mamma puts you to bed, perhaps sometimes she stays with you a little while, after the light is out. You cannot see her nor hear her and yet you know that she is there; so we may know dear Jesus is with us, because He said, "I am with you *alway*."

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